THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN . . . .Crayon by Winold Reiss 420
FRONTISPIECE: Scissors picture . . . . . *Martha Bensley Bruère* 420
WITH A QUAKER EMPLOYER IN HIS FACTORY *Robert W. Bruère* 421
WHAT DO YOU MEAN—ISOLATION? . . . . *Arthur Sweetser* 427
THE LIGHT THAT FAILED . *Lincoln Steffens* 431
CLEAR MOMENTS: Eight pictures by . . . . . *Robert Hallowell* 432
THE BLUNDERBUSS OF SICKNESS . . . . . *Michael M. Davis* 435
SELECTIVE PATRIOTISM . . *Carl Van Doren* 439
A MISSION OF LOVE AND LITERACY . . . *Rossa B. Cooley* 443
SEA ISLAND TYPES: Four crayons by . . . . . *Winold Reiss* 446
"SILENCE COERCED BY LAW" . *Paul U. Kellogg* 452
BABES IN SKYSCRAPERLAND . . . . . *Eleanor Booth Simmons* 455
THROUGH NEIGHBORS' DOORWAYS . . . . . *John Palmer Gavit* 458
EDITORIALS 461
LETTERS & LIFE . . . *Edited by Leon Whipple* 463
Book reviews by: Leon Whipple and Nels Anderson.

The Gist of It

ROBERT W. BRUÈRE might be described as an inquisitive traveler whose carefully planned trips take him in and out of borderlands where new ferments are at work. In this issue he begins a fascinating travelog, though he calls it a case history, of a factory where the forces of democracy have been slowly but surely at work on a new industrial order as a by-product of scientific instrument-making. Not the least interesting aspect is a Quaker employer's attitude on the old question of service vs. profits. MR. BRUÈRE, as most of our readers know, is associate editor of The Survey in charge of industry and secretary on industrial relations of the J. C. Penney Foundation. Page 421.

WHERE single travelers and occasional families used to go abroad as the culmination of a lifetime of saving, we Americans now "run over" by the boatland—whole conventions of us. MR. SWEETSER draws a picture of us on our tense, rushing summer holidays from his vantage point at Geneva. Page 427.

LINCOLN STEFFENS has recently come back to the United States after a long residence abroad and, between lecture trips, is at home in Carmel, California. Page 431.

ROBERT HALLOWELL was for ten years, from its founding, the treasurer and publisher of the New Republic. He is now a vice president of Survey Associates. For the past four years he has devoted most of his time to painting in France and Spain. The selections here reproduced are from the glowing water colors and oils in his New York show of early December. Page 432.

IF you live in a village of 100 inhabitants, two of your neighbors will, on the average, be ill. And the same proportion holds good of a community of any size. The Blunderbuss of Sickness carries on the dissection of Everyman's Doctoring and Its Cost, by MICHAEL M. DAVIS, the secretary of the Committee on Dispensary Development in New York City, where the average number of sick persons is 150,000. Page 435.

CARL VAN DOREN, formerly literary editor of the Century and the Nation and associate in the English Department at Columbia since 1916, contributes a thoughtful paper in our occasional series on What's Worth Fighting for in American Life. Page 439.

MANY readers of Survey Graphic will remember the series of articles by the principal of Penn School, published in the winter of 1923-24, tracing the three generations of island women-folk from the "grands" of slavery times to the oncoming generations of today. These articles have since been brought out as a New Republic book under the title, Homes of the Freed. Here MISS COOLEY begins a new series which we are confident will engage equal interest—the story of Penn School itself; an epic of the newer education. Page 443.

FOR our Harlem number in 1926, WINOLD REISS drew a remarkable gallery of city types—doctors, teachers, singers, players, poets, preachers—the leaders and the rank-and-file of the "new" Negroes of the northern cities. Last fall MR. REISS went on a special mission to St. Helena Island to draw their rural counterparts. As studio, he had this low-lying sea island off the coast of South Carolina, a community of 6,000 blacks and a few more than 100 whites; a region where the last of the natives from Africa were smuggled to land; where, during the Civil War and the Federal occupation, were carried on the first experiments of plantation work on a wage basis; where the field hands emerged as the first of the Negro free landholders; and where Penn, the oldest school for Negroes in the South, has become in many respects the newest. His crayon portrait types will illuminate MISS COOLEY'S series. Our only regret is that we cannot reproduce all of them in color, as we are able to do with the gay lad on the cover. Page 446.

ELEANOR BOOTH SIMMONS, a New York newspaper woman who writes frequently for the magazines on the work of social and educational organizations, here tells the story of a successful attempt to guide forlorn youngsters through the maze of frowning skyscrapers in the business and professional life of a great city. Page 455.

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THE HUNTING AGE PATTERN

Cut-out by Martha Bensley Bruère

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

JANUARY 1, 1928

Volume LIX
No. 7

With a Quaker Employer in his Factory

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Cut-outs by Martha Bensley Bruère

EDITORS are importunate, even the editor of The Survey, most intensely patient of men. They, too, are victims of the machine age. The issues of their magazines must be planned months in advance, and once programmed must go to press on schedule. *Dead line* that fatal instant is called when the printer's devil makes his last exit from the editorial office and what has been done or neglected stands changeless as death. The printing press moves on . . . . . as Omar would say.

The editorial commitment stretches out grim hands toward the author who lightly contracts to deliver for publication on a fixed date. The job looks so easy through the vista of months ahead, when the agreement is made; as dead line approaches, death itself would seem a welcome release. For in the interval the idea, which at conception could be so tersely stated—as in the italic paragraph on my third page—has grown like a grain of mustard seed, has become a tree, so that new ideas fill the branches, bright and elusive like the birds in the parable. Material for an article has expanded into material for a book, a three months' assignment into a life's work.

But the date approaches; the editor, bound to his advertised promises, clamors for copy; the author must deliver or face disgrace.

That note in its flowing italic should have been a warning. I should have seen then, had I not been dumb as the fisherman, that I was pulling the cork from the genie's bottle. The original idea had already there expanded beyond recognition. My first purpose had been much more simple. For two years I had been studying the effects of the new managerial techniques in scientifically organized machine industries upon our traditional notions of democracy; had been trying to test Mary P. Follett's prophetic observation that industrial organization is on the verge of making large contributions to something more important than democracy in its more superficial meaning, to the development of integrative unity, with a special view to discovering whether integrative unity in her sense gave promise of that full education which, according to John Dewey, comes only where there is a responsible sharing on the part of each person, in proportion to his capacity, in shaping the aims and policies of the social group to which he belongs. This led me to an intensive study of the shop committee as a functional expression of democracy in contrast to the traditional democracy of the mass meeting and the indiscriminate majority vote.

In the major factory of the General Electric Company in West Lynn, Massachusetts, and in the Brooklyn factory of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, I found some rather exciting evidence that industrial government was evolving in these directions and reported my findings with some enthusiasm. Whereupon certain of my ardently humanistic friends in the intellectual fringe of the labor movement took umbrage at my observations as being not scientifically objective, but in the nature of unwarranted aid and comfort to the enemy. Integrative unity? Nonsense! There could be no unity in industry short of the revolutionary culmination of the class struggle when the workers would be masters of the machinery of production and the full product of their labor.

The editor of Labor Age, for example, felt that I had naïvely permitted the management at West Lynn to pull the wool over my eyes. Having foregathered with some twenty disaffected employes of the General Electric Company "in a little room in a cottage whose location shall remain a mystery," to which "they had come quietly, solemnly, even furtively," he published a series of articles designed "to delineate step by step, the process of intimidation and bribery which broke down the unions at West Lynn, and the unscrupulous methods by which the company union is now maintained. . . . This is the system which our good friend, Bob Bruère, lost in the mazes of personnel-production mania, finds to be working so admirably at West Lynn!"

The associate editor of the Electrical Workers' Journal,

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in many respects the ablest of all trade-union magazines, commenting upon my Sperry articles, wrote that I had made a fetish of the new technology whose "God is an abstraction—the production process. . . . A parallel between the new technology, as proclaimed by its ardent spokesmen," he continued, "is had with warfare and militarism. The new warfare is rigidly scientific, as much the product of engineers, with their micrometric processes and Euclidian accuracy, as the new technology, when unchecked by the educational motive, but its whole aim is anti-humanistic. Therefore it has generally met the opposition of labor, the guiding principle of whose philosophy has been humanistic instead of purely scientific. Advocates of war rarely defend their position on scientific or rationalistic grounds," he drove his points home, "but make their appeal to fear, cupidity, pride and passion. In the last analysis, advocates of the new technology will be forced to make their appeal to these emotions, if they successfully defend their basic position." Many of the leading intellectuals in the British labor movement take much the same attitude, which is also that of the political leaders of labor in the British Dominions where labor is an organized political force, on the Continent, and preeminently in Russia.

Now in reporting on the experiments in industrial government in West Lynn and Brooklyn, I was not advocating anything, but was conscientiously trying to describe the actual behavior of men under the conditions of machine production as it has developed in those factories. I found that out of the manifest overhang of hunting-age patterns, new attitudes were emerging in response to the integrative pressure of the scientific method as epitomized in the machine itself, which, instead of being a sort of devil having an independent biological existence, is increasingly felt by the workmen who use it to be a flexible extension of their own manual equipment. The democracy of the forty-nine and fifty-one per cents was being modified, it appeared to me, by a less metaphysical, an essentially more humanistic appraisal of the individual than that of Rousseau, or, indeed, of Jefferson, Paine or Karl Marx. For in a consciously functional organization of the working force, every person of whatever rank is felt to be as essential to the effectiveness of his group as the least part of a fifty-thousand-part machine is to the operation of the machine as a whole. In an electrically driven machine, for example, a loose bolt will cause a short circuit and put the instrument out of commission, as every user of a radio knows. In factories where the scientific attitude even begins to prevail, the working force, like the machine, is visualized as an integrative unity to the great enhancement of the dignity of the individual worker. A situation arises in which full education, in Dewey's sense, becomes possible. Disintegrative conflict tends to yield to integrative cooperation, the class struggle to a concert of classes.

But it is true that the traditional labor policy at West Lynn has been vehemently anti-union and that the smoke of past labor wars does there, as to a less extent it does in the Sperry factory in Brooklyn, still cloud the atmosphere. Had I cried peace, peace where there was no peace; had I, indeed, been blinded by the Science of the False Messiah? I felt the need to recheck my observations in a company-union plant which was not anti-union, whose record was clean of strikes and lockouts, where the authentic scientific spirit had definitely prevailed over the hunting-age attitudes, where the deliberate aim of the new technology was not predatory, but educational and humanistic.

Inevitably I turned to the factory of a friend, a Quaker employer, where I knew I could study the operation of shop committees, in complete freedom from all discretionary limitations, and freely report the effect of the new managerial techniques upon the behavior and democratic status of individuals and groups. That was my first simple intention. But the first words of Morris E. Leeds, president of the Leeds and Northrup Company, widened its scope to that indicated by my note for the editor.

"Why do you come to me and this factory to check up your observations?" he asked, rather ominously as I felt at the moment.

"Because," I answered, "having worked here I have advance knowledge of the life in the factory; because I know that you take a dispassionately scientific attitude toward controversial questions; and because I think that you are one of those Christians who take the essential teachings of Jesus seriously."

Then he surprised me by saying: "I think that before you begin you should know what kind of a Christian I am."

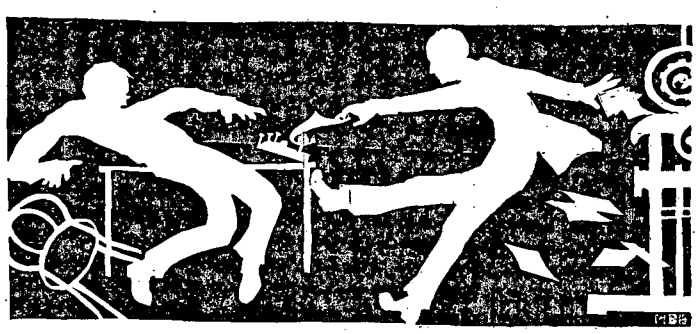
"What kind of Christian are you?" I ventured.

"Some of my friends at the Meeting House keep telling me," he began in the tone of one who weighs his words, "that the teachings of Jesus clearly indicate that business should be conducted for service, not profit. I cannot go along with them in believing that the profit motive should be eliminated or even greatly subordinated. If the product of a business is useful, it seems to me that the profit it is able to earn is the best measure of the service it renders. I believe this prevailing economic standard for measuring service, crude as it may still be, is socially useful. When the profit earned is distributed within the organization to each individual in proportion to his contribution to the value of the product, then it seems to me justice obtains."

"Indeed, I feel this so strongly," he continued after a moment's reflection, "that if new and much stronger evidence should be discovered that Jesus taught that the profit motive should be eliminated from human relations, I should have to say: 'Greatly as I revere the teachings of Jesus, I cannot now, in the light of my understanding of human experience, accept that doctrine'."

That startling affirmation needed to be understood before the details of industrial relationships in this factory could be justly interpreted. It at once created a new setting, a new atmosphere for the consideration of moot issues, such as the proper status and authority of the wage-workers in a democracy, the relation of the salaried executives to the owner and the employes, the company union as compared with the independent trade-union, business as an instrument and school of democracy as contrasted with business as a mere weapon in the hands of the owner in his hunt for personal wealth.

So I asked Morris Leeds whether he would sit down with me in the presence of a stenographer; match ideas, theories and preconceptions.



Editors are victims of the machine age

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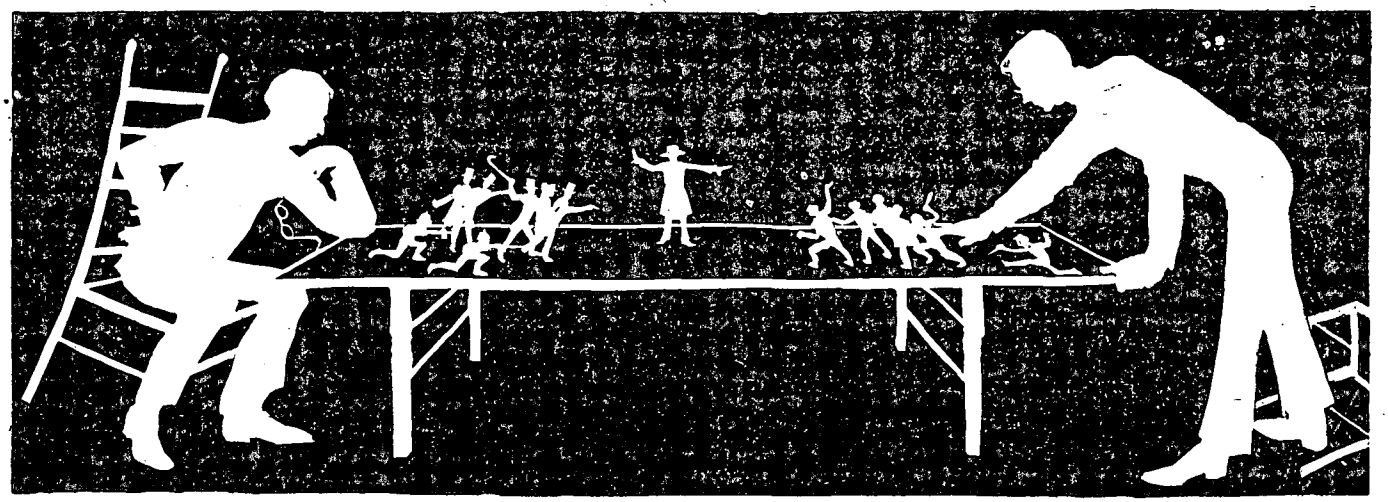

Case History of a Factory

SIMPLY the idea is this: Here is a non-union or company union employer on one side, and here I am, a trade unionist with socialist leanings, on the other. Nominally such people look upon one another as enemies and hold one another suspect. You know what happens,—capital and labor, exploiter and oppressed, class-consciousness, class war. These hang-over patterns of the hunting-life stage of our social evolution becloud and confuse all our thinking. But Morris E. Leeds, president of the Leeds and Northrup Company, is a Quaker with a practical scientific equipment; and here am I, wanting to get away from fighting to a scientific resolution of conflict into constructive values. So we agree to match ideas, put our differences out on the table, and then check up, not by going to books and authorities, but by turning to the actual history of the business from its inception and the actual going life of all the people in the factory. No secrets, no reservation. A cooperative inquiry in which everybody from the president through the technical managerial staff and sales department down to the men at the bench and the apprentices take part. I expect we shall have the first full case history of a factory family or organization in all its phases. We shall see what outside forces have conditioned its growth, what the social services have contributed, and what its experiences have to contribute to social science, education, and the whole question of industrial conflict and the future of democratic government. —Advance note for Editor.

SO I begin by taking up my position at the side of my friend, the Quaker employer, and looking at the birth and growth of this one industrial organization eye to eye with him.

But we no sooner take our stand on our outlook tower than all manner of conflicting emotions well up out of our different racial unconsciouses. These interpose themselves between us and our subject. I remember how one Sunday morning a friend and I climbed to the top of Overlook Mountain to get a wide view of the Hudson Valley about Kingston and to fix in our minds the true topographical relationships of the principal villages, valleys and peaks about which we had argued. The sun was clear in the heavens, but as so often happens on a cool morning after days of rain, great billows of vapor blotted out or distorted the landscape about and below us. We were alert for openings, for glimpses of what we had climbed to see. But our very intentness led us to different angles of vision so that while we were facing in the same general direction, my friend saw one thing, I another.

Mental processes are like that. That is why, as James Harvey Robinson notes in the third chapter of The Mind in the Making, the truest observations on intelligence have been made, not by philosophers, but by novelists and poets. There are no such things as absolute facts apart from the psychical medium through which they are seen. The condition of a working understanding between individuals is that they shall be able to correct their statements of fact by taking account of their divergent personal equations.

That is my warrant for injecting here my personal and instant reaction to the Quaker employer's affirmation. As one who approached him, the employer and head of a company-union organization, from the point of view of a trade unionist with a socialist background, I felt my emotions in hostile reaction to his identification of service with profits, although in principle I agreed with this sane integration. That word *service* has been corrupted not only by oily pietasters but also by disingenuous advertising "experts" who use it to put over all manner of tawdry fakes. Especially has it been used to camouflage shameless profiteering. And for me, that word *profits* opened up a vista that began with the sweatshops and filthy East Side tenements, shot back to child labor in the cotton mills, women and children chained to tubs in the mines, and on to the primitive fight for food and survival in the jungle.

Am I not right in assuming that for most of my readers

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as for myself the words employer and wage-earner, capital and labor, primarily suggest conflict, strikes and lockouts, latent or active warfare? Certainly that connotation pervades the literature, as when John A. Fitch, in his Causes of Industrial Unrest, says that the "labor movement is a term that may properly be used to describe the industrial side of the struggle of the dispossessed, the disfranchised, the non-privileged classes as against the possessors of property and privilege." The leading authorities agree with Fitch in identifying the struggle of the wage-earners, especially through their democratically controlled trade unions, with the backbone of the democratic movement, from the revolt of the barons against the kings which culminated with Magna Carta and later in the control of the national purse by the commons, to the French Revolution and our own Declaration of Independence.

Almost from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution and the wage system as we know it, this democratic movement has been dominated, in Europe especially but only to a slightly less degree with us, by what is conventionally called the class struggle between capital and labor. "Political democracy without industrial democracy is a house divided against itself," is the creed of the labor movement throughout the world; "profits are the stolen surplus value of labor." Where there is no industrial democracy, where employer-employe relations rest on the unstable basis of latent conflict over the division of income, where the employer reserves the right to hire and fire at will, there the attempt to identify service with profits leaves a wry taste in the mouth.

My friend, the Quaker employer, is amazed at this emotional outburst. He wants industrial justice as much as I do; he is prepared for industrial democracy if I will but tell him what it is and how it is to be made to work; above all, he wants industrial peace in order that workers and employers may have minds free to experiment and feel their way to sounder and more equitable arrangements. You can't run a complicated manufacturing business simply by affirming that all men are born free and equal and calling for a show of hands. These questions have for years been his preoccupation almost more than the business end of the business. And along come I, clamoring for peace and strewing the landscape with war patterns! As we laugh, I am constrained to admit that few people are more obsessed with the war attitudes than the out-and-out militant pacifist. As the Stoic proverb has it—again *vide* Robinson—men are tormented by the opinions they have of things, rather than by the things themselves.

A flat tire and a philosopher

WHY? I owe more to Robinson in this connection than these incidental references indicate. I happened to be at Dartmouth last summer when he lectured before the Social Science Research Council. We talked much together—one of our best talks I owed to a flat tire which made it necessary for us to walk a mile or so back to Hanover village. Principally we talked round and about the opening *motif* of The Mind in the Making, which recurs to my mind when in tension like the opening theme of the Fifth Symphony: "If some magical transformation could be produced in men's ways of looking at themselves and their fellows, no inconsiderable part of the evils which now afflict society would vanish away or remedy themselves automatically. If the majority of influential persons held the opinions and occupied the point of view that a few rather uninfluential people now do, there would, for example, be no likelihood of another great war; the whole problem of 'labor and capital' would be transformed and attenuated." . . . As between my Quaker friend and myself, the order was reversed; it was he, who, I was poignantly aware, shared Robinson's emancipation. While the grizzled historian talked lazily along, my guilty conscience kept paraphrasing to itself the title of one of his most famous articles—"How did *you* get that way?"

Later in the solitary seclusion of my study I put it up to him. "Remember," I could hear him say, "there are four layers underlying the minds of civilized men—the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized mind. . . . Our human ancestors have lived in savagery during practically the whole existence of the race, say five hundred thousand or a million years, and the primitive human mind is ever with us."

That last clause seemed to bring John Dewey to the chair beside my desk. He is likely to join my select company when Robinson is around. "Remember," he supplemented his old colleague, "that the psychical attitudes and traits of the savage are more than stages through which mind has passed, leaving them behind. They are outgrowths which have entered decisively into further evolution, and as such form an integral part of the framework of *your* present mental organization."

Those admonitions began to clear things up. When I confront an employer, as generally when an employer confronts me, the savage mind breaks through. The attitudes, the habit patterns of the hunting life, of those countless

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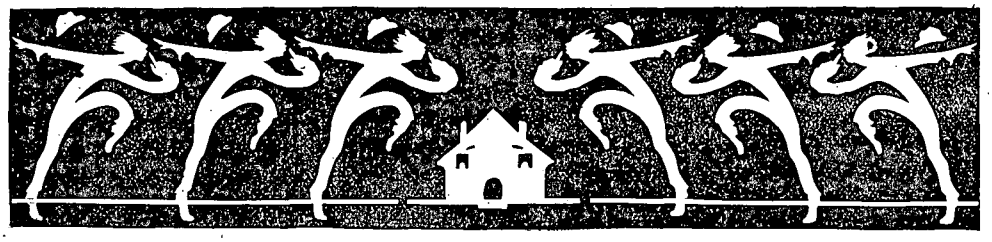
millenniums of the brute struggle for mere survival—man against beast, man against man, pack against pack—are integral parts, and with many of us still dominant parts, of the framework of our *present* mental equipment. Say *trade union* to an American Plan open-shop employer! Say *communist* to a coupon-clipping patriot! Say *philanthropist* to a professional radical! Next to sex, possibly antecedent to sex, the fear of hunger—the quest of food, of economic security—is the driving power in men. For all our scientific progress and increase in wealth, most men are still obsessed with the terror of want, with the laying-up and safeguarding of treasure on earth. Let their property be threatened and immediately they are at fighting tension, irrationally ready to respond to the tom-tom of tribal slogans, quick to rationalize the hunting-age impulses in terms of group loyalty. So all wars are defensive wars. So always in peace, men prepare for war. So always in industry there is a deep-down sense of latent conflict between those who are masters of the quarry of the business hunt, and those who share on suffrance. ("Gosh, but I made a big killing," interposes a friend in a moment of elation, having been on the right side of a bear market down in the Street.)

That, I take it, is what Robinson had in mind when, like a western muezzin, he prayed for some magical transformation in men's ways of looking at themselves and their fellows. In an age which has won a continuing economic surplus, the time has come for emancipation from the war patterns. We have the material resources, we have adequate and growing stocks of knowledge; but before we can use them as civilized men "we have first to create an unprecedented attitude of mind to cope with unprecedented conditions and to utilize unprecedented knowledge."

Having subjected myself to this emancipating discipline, I began to understand my friend's difficulty in understanding the vehemence of my bellicose reaction to his innocent affirmation *re* service and profits. For the Quakers are a peculiar people, as the world has acknowledged by granting them immunity from the fighting services during war. Long before the anthropologists had disclosed to us the significance of the war patterns as outgrowths of the race's long dependence upon the hunting vocation, a small company of Englishmen, "convinced" by George Fox, "came into a covenant of peace," and defiantly took their stand on St. James' outlawry of war. Although in the intervening years their missionary zeal has somewhat abated, as anyone must feel who reads Mary Agnes Best's Rebel Saints, and although as a group they have not fully developed the logic of Fox's teaching in its less obvious application to the economic war in industry, they have been more conspicuously successful than any other group among us in divesting the war patterns of their barbaric glamor and in habituating themselves to the mental attitudes and civilizing disciplines of peace. But even they cling to the dichotomy between the world of the flesh and the world of the spirit, between the economically expedient and the socially desirable, between "service" and "profits."

IN this respect, Morris Leeds is a variant from type. In a memorandum of an early discussion which I relayed to him I find this entry: "Your second point was that your attitude toward business was in one important particular a reaction against your Quaker environment. The traditional ambition of the Friends has been to achieve economic independence in order that they might in security retire from business and devote themselves to social service. You yourself hold the conviction that the best way to render effective social service is through your business itself."

Increasingly, as I assimilate our volumes of stenographic records covering all phases of the Leeds and Northrup Company as an industrial organization, it becomes clear that its history has been fundamentally conditioned by these two facts: that Morris E. Leeds, its founder and chief executive, was born and bred a Quaker and so was early emancipated from the dominance of the war patterns; and that, under pressure of experience and the discipline of the scientific method as exacted by the instruments he manufactures, he has acquired a sense of "integrative unity" as not only a tendency but also as a creative force. Having reached this position, I feel that I have in reasonable measure passed through Robinson's magical transformation and am prepared to look in the later articles of this series at the birth and growth of his business and the evolution of government in his factory eye to eye with my friend, the Quaker employer.



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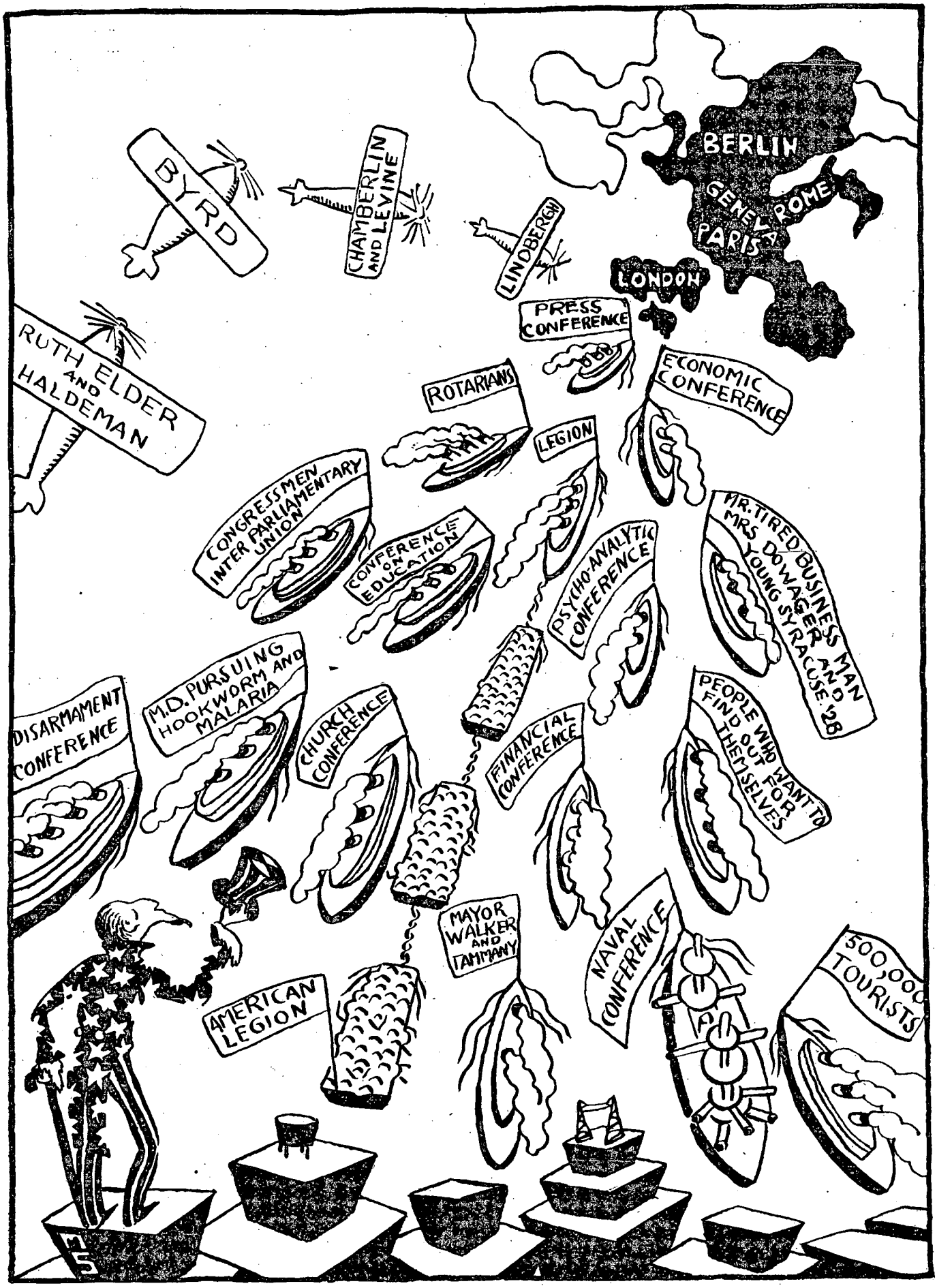

Cartoon by Margaret Schloemann

"Isolation" must be taken in a Pickwickian sense. We go abroad not only as individuals but as whole conventions

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What Do You Mean—Isolation?

By ARTHUR SWEETSER

"ISOLATION? . . ." If you want to hear about it, you will still find it discussed in some of the darker corners of Washington. But if you want to see it, don't go to Europe. For the sober truth is that, while a tiny handful of our good provincialists are trying still to live in the days of 1776, our overwhelming majority are giving an illustration of the most dynamic social force ever brought together. No longer are we the unemotional, uninterfering friend of Europe that we like to think ourselves, looking on tolerantly and from a great distance. Instead, the human invasion begun by America in the War is now being followed by an intellectual, cultural, religious, even political invasion encompassing nearly every line of human energy.

Poor old Europe. As these lines come into print, she will just be recovering, for a brief moment, from her annual American deluge, half a million hard, driving, intense people, overrunning everything, poking in and out, praising, criticising, uplifting, explaining, proselytizing, "Americanizing." Europe indeed wants a chance to get her own home back, to return for a spell to her own "normalcy."

The past summer saw the American invasion reach its highest point. Not only the usual rush of tourists, but American pressure and energy in all world activities: political with the Naval and other conferences; economic with the economic and other conferences; financial with loans, advisers, and reports; social with the Rotarians and the American Legion; cultural with the Press Conference and the big contributions to the League and Vatican libraries; educational with the Locarno Conference; psychological with the Psycho-analytical Conference; religious—did we overlook that?—no, indeed, we summoned, financed and managed what our leaders have called the greatest church conference in fifteen centuries.

Let us recognize the facts. We are overflowing with strength and energy and are setting out to push the Old World on whether she likes it or not. History, I believe, shows no parallel to this transmission of power; as seen from Europe, it makes our "isolationists" look ridiculous. When you rub off the political glossings and get down to the reality, Europe with its exhaustion and its scepticism would have far better claim for a Monroe Doctrine as against the colossus of drive and force out of the West, than has America as against an Old World fairly content to live and let live. What would the Senate say to a European-exclusion policy, "Europe for Europeans"?

Dramatically indeed the curtain went up this year. Without warning, Lindbergh glided out of the sky as a brilliant portent of America's youth, energy, and efficiency. Still stunned, the old continent was again brought to its feet to wonder when the sky would give up Byrd and his companions out of the fog. Then Chamberlain, and Levine with his straw hat, came to land in Germany. And finally, the most winsome Miss Elder with her modest Captain Haldeman—they are both that, for I crossed with them, westward—added the measure of courage of American girlhood. Not the wildest imagination could more brilliantly have stage-managed the summer's American invasion. Is it, perhaps, significant that not a single flight was consummated the other way?

As these flights began, the tourist floods were mounting. Great trans-Atlantic liners were daily disembarking thousands of harassed fathers, bustling mothers, irreverent youth in all ports of Europe, from Hamburg in the North, through Holland, France, and England, to Italy in the South. Old people and young, fat and thin, big trunks and little, "week-ends" and "steamers," dogs and automobiles—never before such a migration, often ten thousand a day, the population of a good-sized mid-western town.

I wish we might let the tourists go at that, but they are so much the undercurrent to it all that we must pause a few moments with them. It is they, unfortunately, who give the "atmosphere" to the European judgment of us and our culture. And they vary enormously in quality. At the apex is the small minority of education and culture, who make no noise, do not indulge in "bawling out" the waiter, nor advertise patent remedies for Europe's ills, which, incidentally, worry us far more than they worry Europe. Instead, this little group disappears unseen, in the quiet hotels, the libraries, bookshops, small mountain places, a veritable addition to the world to whose hospitality it has for the moment been very cordially welcomed.

Then there is Group Two, earnest, vigorous people, who "want to find out for themselves." They come armed with letters of introduction and must "see" everybody and get the "feel" of things. How Europe's statesmen find the time for it one can but wonder, for almost daily someone or other "spent nearly an hour" with, for instance, Mussolini. It must be a strain, too, to be told just what is wrong and how to cure it. Many Americans, after two weeks in the Balkans, come out with a complete solution; others can settle reparations; even the hundred and fifty who daily throng through the League of Nations headquarters stop to tell

Arthur Sweetser, who breezily points out that there "ain't no such animal" as the "isolation" of America that is so much talked about, had a long newspaper experience in the United States—on individual newspapers and with the Associated Press and United Press at Washington and in the field—before he went to Europe as war correspondent. Later he was in the War as captain in the aviation service. He was assistant director of the press section of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, and is now associate director of the Information Section of the League of Nations at Geneva, one of the four Americans who have been in the secretariat of the League from the beginning.

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what Europe must do "to get America in." Good people, almost all of them, earnest, serious, endeavoring to make a real contribution, but in their mass a bit appalling to the European who is spending a lifetime of uncertainty on these problems and who now, perchance, wants a bit of summer rest.

AND Group Three—them especially I would pass by. See some of them come along, probably nice, friendly people individually, but en masse, away from home, with tourist busses, piles of bags and trunks, cameras, maps, horn spectacles, guidebooks! They give a pushing, rushing, seizing appearance which fits ill with calm old Europe, oft-times challenging, even superior to those about them, perhaps hiding their bewilderment under a decided over-assertiveness. Main Street looks at Europe—and Europe looks at Main Street.

And what does Europe actually see? Here is Mrs. Dowager towing along the daughter of "the new generation," whom she "just didn't know what to do with at home." And Daughter, more likely than not a vibrant little piece of rebellion and impertinence who is not at all grateful for "being done with." And Mr. Tired Businessman perspiring away over "improving himself," struggling with Mother's luggage and hotel porters and "wishing to God" he had gone off on a little quiet fishing and poker in the Alleghanies. And Syracuse '28, doing anything he can get away with to keep out of "the old man's shop" just another few months. . .

"Girls, here's the shops" . . . . "Here's where Lucy told me to go for laces" . . . . "Oh, I've got such a good address here for undies" . . . . "Here's just what I want for Maud, I never did know what to get for her" . . . . "Why, Marshall Field's got just as good things as in Rome and not a bit dearer, either" . . . . this all the way from Edinburgh to Naples, Cherbourg to Warsaw, from hundreds of thousands of retail buyers, picking up a lace, a pair of stockings, a fan or a trinket, till one stands amazed to know how Mother's patience and Father's pocketbook can last so long. Everywhere, in the shopping centers, the language is English, English, English, till one really wonders if he is in Europe at all.

And the result? For our repute in Europe, undoubtedly bad. The Europeans need, and like, the half billion dollars we annually scatter behind us, but they do not like those of us whom they see scattering it. They do not understand a breakneck vacation; they marvel at the efficient wife, the docile father, the forward youth; and are amazed at the luxury and elaborateness of it all. Imagine trainload after trainload of foreigners arriving at your home-town, with three times your money, renting all your suites de luxe, buying out all the things you cannot afford, being patronizing toward your culture; responsible, in your judgment, for ruining your favorite restaurants and raising the whole cost of living.

On us the result is less sure. While, superficially, bulging trunks replace bulging letters of credit, a considerable residue of enlarged vision and sympathy must also remain when the irritations have gone and the reminiscences begin. Of course, it is often "so much better in New York," but on the whole this unparalleled migration of a half million people overseas each summer exhibits an energy, a drive, and a desire to go out and see the world, which, even in its crude state, bids fair to make the American people the best informed in the world. But it is not "isolation"!

All that, however, is but the surface of the recent American-European relationships. Vacations, or even serious individual trips to Europe, are not so important as the other events which happened this summer to a degree unparalleled. For, entirely apart from tourists, American energy poured into Europe in practically all organized lines of life, social, political, economic, financial, cultural, religious. No "splendid isolation" indeed, but on the contrary American ideas and views crusading forth with a truly dynamic energy.

Begin with something characteristically American, the Rotarians. "Made in Chicago," they were this year transplanted to the Rotary International in Belgium. By thousands they overflowed Ostend and Brussels, toured Europe, paid official visits, and carried their torch before them. And that means, in the broadest sense, an attempt to transfer part of that "booster," "good fellow," "community" spirit from America, with its overproduction, to Europe, with its underproduction. In this new land of ours, you can start and get a following for almost anything, for we have the enthusiasm of youth. But it is not so in Europe; her people are more cautious, less eager, tinged a bit with the cynicism of years. Immature, perhaps, as parts of Rotarianism are, a dash of it would undoubtedly be a good thing in Europe, might help arouse that sense of community which, while often with us taking the form of exaggerated "drives" or "reforms," is nevertheless one of the real contributions of the new "American" spirit.

NOR could we speak of an "American" summer in Europe without a large component of religion. Surely we had that in the World Conference on Faith and Order at Lausanne. This movement, aiming at bringing the whole Christian world back to a single, unified faith, was truly "made in America." It was first proposed by Americans at a conference in America; its largest contributors were J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; its organizing secretariat was in Boston; and its presiding officer was Bishop Brent of Western New York. Nor is there anything surprising in this. America has come to the large-scale view; it has a huge territory, an immense sweep, and a general quantity production philosophy. It is not unnatural that it should appeal to Americans to unify religion, to bring together the scattered sects, and to wage an organized drive on the common enemies. The sectarian splits, like the political, have not cut as deep with us as in Europe; it would naturally fall to us to attempt to open a way through them.

But if we led in faith and religion, we lag in the related field of the scientific study of the emotions. Zealous though we are in pointing out the morals and objectives in life, we are as surely averted in removing the character difficulties blocking the roads thereto. Clearly was this felt at the International Psycho-analytical Congress at Innsbrück, where a fundamental difference between the Old and the New Worlds again comes to light. Europe is older, more disillusioned and ironical, more realistic as to purpose and motive. America is still young, naïve, lingering in Puritanism, often unknowing of its own motives, and only now becoming natural on the great question of sex. We who have the greatest need of character and emotional analysis are generally felt in Europe to have the poorest facilities therefor. Our Puritan atmosphere and a certain unreality about our life has made a scientific facing of the facts of life take root only with the greatest difficulty, while our sense of rush has led often to quick, even charlatan methods in this

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field which are the despair of many real scientists. Here, perhaps more than anywhere else, have we to gain from Europe.

The next point of query is education. Here again we find not less than one hundred and fifty American teachers crossing the Atlantic to play a leading role in a world conference at Locarno. For two weeks some twelve hundred teachers from over two score nations debated the newer principles of education, which, with us, find expression under the names of Dalton Plan, Winnetka System, Lincoln School, Horace Mann. A broad program indeed they had, education, beginning most vitally at three or four years, teachers requiring complete psychic adjustment before they are competent to handle the psychologies entrusted to them, parents and home relations as a most essential element in school life, progressive and continuous sex education as interest awakens, the vital play of free-will in learning, and other tendencies distinguishing the new, progressive education from the old. Our educationalists had much to give and much to receive. In general we seemed to excel in teaching community spirit, in parent operation, and in mass experimentation, and Europe in individual teaching and psychological insight. But unlike the situation in politics, we assert our freedom to get and to give as much as we can *vis-a-vis* Europe. Both sides gain by the interchange and civilization is by so much advanced on its tortuous path.

But our intellectual contacts did not stop here. One of the most dramatic moments in the Assembly of the forty-six nations present at the annual meeting of the League of Nations came with the announcement of a gift of $2,000,000 by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the construction and endowment of a large international research library which cannot but have a great importance not only in serving the world's largest technical organization with its ramifications running through every field of international life but also in developing a center for professors and students from all lands. Just remember, too, that three other great libraries in Europe bear the American imprint, the Peace Palace at the Hague given by Andrew Carnegie, the Louvain Library now being restored largely by American funds, and the Vatican Library now being modernized by American librarians.

In addition, American funds have instituted hookworm investigations in Spain, malaria studies in Italy, and many other health manifestations; some thousand carefully selected professors and students have been given the opportunity to study in foreign lands, and just recently other greater gifts have been made by Mr. Rockefeller, including two million dollars each to the University of London, the restoration of French national monuments and for an archaeological museum in Palestine, with another million and a half for the University of Lyons, and half a million for the Shakespeare Theater. Apparently, our greater foundations see large possibilities in Europe and are daily giving assistance which cannot but have a vital effect on the development of world mentality.

LAST—by no means least—in the cultural field, as it involved the whole organized American press, was the world press conference called at Geneva to see what, if any technical improvements could be urged upon governments through the League of Nations in order to improve international press communications. Would American journalism be present at a conference called by the League, which might be interpreted either as an official interference in the affairs of the press or as an insidious attempt to inveigle the press into the League orbit? Apparently the press is not so fearsome of "entanglements" as some of our "isolationists," for it sent to Geneva a dozen of its most powerful American journalistic leaders, the active heads, in fact, of the Associated Press, United Press, International News, Universal Service, Scripps-Howard papers, and the New York Times. The most important question on the agenda, that of property right in news, was originally introduced by the Associated Press, was debated in a three-sided exchange between the three American agencies, and finally settled on the basis of the Supreme Court decision in the case of the Associated Press vs. the International News. Thus we wrote into international practise the broad principles against unfair competition and pirating of news accepted in our own country. Nor did American representatives follow an observer policy as regards censorship, freedom from government interference, lower cable rates, better transmission, and greater facilities for international news. Instead, we met the world as equals, confident in our own strength and the importance of our views, and anxious to give and to get as much as we could from international consultation and collaboration.

THIS, at last, brings us to politics, where we tread warily because here, surely, we do have a policy of "isolation." Take first our parliamentarians. It is rather surprising that our Congress, which so often resounds to the talk of "isolation," is one of the strongest members of the Inter-Parliamentary Union. This summer, as in previous summers, a considerable delegation of members of the Senate and House went to Europe to discuss international problems of interest to parliamentarians. Our representatives were in no sense observers; on the contrary, they took an active part in practically all the discussions. The policy of isolation and abstention, which many members would impose on the government in respect to foreign nations, does not evidently apply to members of Congress at Inter-Parliamentary meetings.

Disarmament. Europe has its own method of approaching this subject, has indeed been edging along for seven or eight years, ricocheting back and forth from armaments to security, to arbitration, to armaments. Europe starts on the principle that armaments are not so much a disease as a symptom; that the disease itself is fear, that fear arises from lack of security and political stability, and that the cure is arbitration, conciliation, mediation, and, in the last analysis, the same moral and police force against violence as we find necessary in a state or city. So it has had committees, commissions, and conferences studying all these various aspects, with the United States outside the general system, at first outside even the particular elements, but more recently entering into specific discussions. Suddenly, however, our government cut straight across this elaborate and complicated system. The road, it said, was a good one but too long and tortuous. It therefore proposed a short-cut, a Naval Conference at Geneva to settle at least this aspect of the problem—incidentally the only government in the world directly to summon a conference at the seat of the League of Nations. Great Britain and Japan came; France and Italy ironically paraphrased our observer policy into an informer policy; and for months the conference dominated the world armament situation. On it, in effect,

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depended that situation, for if it succeeded, it would have forced the pace all along the line; if it failed, it would give added material for sceptics to say that if two great nations like Britain and America could not agree on a single phase, how could you expect age-long enemies like France and Germany to agree on all phases within ten years of the worst war in history? The details matter not here; let it only be said that the American method made a fine effort, went straightway to its object, and, if it did not succeed, nevertheless gave much food for thought both to world statesmen and, incidentally, to the "isolationists" who try to point out that we have little to do with the rest of the world.

Economics. Here, after long years of preparation, the League of Nations felt the moment at last come for a world economic conference, where several hundred delegates from every important country in the world undertook a three weeks most searching analysis of present conditions. America was amongst them, and doubly so. First, she sent one of the best delegations with foremost representatives of commerce, industry, finance and agriculture, and some score of government experts called in from all over Europe. But still more was she present in the second sense, psychologically and as an example. Here indeed, unfolding before the world, was the story of the mightiest economic experiment in history, a single market 3,000 by 1,500 miles in size, with a population of 115,000,000, and based on low production costs, scientific management, and quantity production. Never was anything like it. The rest of the world could but give it the most profound consideration, either in admiration of the results or in dread of the competition. But America herself had not only to give but to get. No nation more than the greatest economic unit in the world is interested in the free flow of trade, the removal of restrictions, the development of markets, and the creation of a world economic policy. America's voice was heard on nearly every issue, helping to advance both American and world interests on the broad, sweeping lines natural to our position in the world.

BUT that just begins official American collaboration in economic matters. In August, another official American delegation went to Geneva to consider ways and means of improving world communications by international agreement. And again in October, to another plenipotentiary conference, the first fruit of the Economic Conference, to endeavor to remove the harassing restrictions on imports and exports in international trade. Other delegates came over to committees on double taxation, counterfeiting currency, and maritime tonnage measurements, while undoubtedly the most important economic conflict of the year was that between France and the United States over tariffs. This bespeaks, obviously, not isolation but rather a determined entry into world economic affairs.

So also with finance. Who can measure what American cooperation in this field means, to us or to Europe? Consider only the loans of this summer, millions of dollars in private loans and other millions in government loans for Poland, Prussia, Greece. On the American side this represents the opportunity both to invest surplus savings at a high rate, and conversely to increase our markets But on the European side it may often mean civilization itself, for it allows the undertaking of developments otherwise quite impossible. American money has both helped to stabilize Europe politically through great loans such as in the Dawes plan and in Austrian and Hungarian reconstruction, and to remake it socially as in enabling Greece to absorb a million and a half refugees in its five million people. American funds have helped build railroads, telephones, telegraphs, municipal plants, public utilities and other essential works all over Europe, to the great advantage of both lender and borrower. Incalculable indeed are the unifying and modernizing potentialities of all this work, of the new Polish loan, for instance, with the wholly new facilities it offers to nearly thirty million industrious people. Both America and Europe gain by this cooperation—but one would hardly call it isolation.

AND population? Surely, here we would not interfere in Europe's affairs. The number and kind of children people have is a domestic question if anything is. But it is not secret that it was largely American initiative and funds which called the World Population Conference into being in Geneva and it is a matter of running record that it was Americans who had the most ideas as to world reproduction. Our professors, statisticians, eugenists, and other experts seemed to feel that it was a matter of very great importance to the whole world as to how many children a particular part of the world might have and they laid down all sorts of suggestions and principles for world cooperation in the vital problem of population. Congress even ostentatiously raises an insurmountable wall at our frontiers against immigration; would our isolationists equally approve a group of American population experts going overseas to advise foreign nations as to how to make it unnecessary for these millions to press out from their home countries toward us? The first method would seem to meet the problem when it has already tragically arisen; the second to make it unnecessary for it to arise at all.

And now let us see the last picture, the reunion in Paris of the American Legion, some thirty thousand former servicemen returning to the battlefields to pay respect to their dead and to reconsecrate themselves to the ideals for which they had fought. Only ten years ago it was that the United States threw itself unstintedly into history's greatest war and sent two and a quarter million men overseas in the greatest military movement ever witnessed. America had remained neutral as long as she could, but even in those days, when communications were nowhere near so close as they are now a decade later, it proved impossible to maintain isolation to the end. And those in Europe who witnessed this dramatic Second Expeditionary Force, did not conceal from themselves the potentialities of the future, for if there is another great war, no one in Europe doubts but that America will again, if only by force of circumstances, do what she has already once so spectacularly done.

But let us not close on a note of war. The cooperation which we should foresee with Europe is the cooperation of peace, of knowledge, science, culture, education, religion, economics, and finance in the same broad, generous, and mutually helpful way in which it has been seen we have recently begun to give it. We have much to give to and to receive from Europe and Europe has much to give to and receive from us. And I say Europe advisedly, for despite all our efforts at Pan-America, our direction and cultural interest still points unswervingly east and not south. Let us, then, freely and happily recognize and assess this interplay and exchange of strength and give ourselves to peaceful collaboration in a frank and ungrudging manner.

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The Light That Failed

An Old Fable Revised

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

THE man was ill. He had been under a strain, greater and longer than his strength could bear and the germs of disease, ever present, spread themselves and their kind and their claims upon his breast. He burned with the fever. All the courses of his blood were excited by the anxious efforts of the corpuscles to nourish the patient; to supply the new demands upon their labor and save him from the common death that threatened him and them. For their lives also depended upon the victory.

So they worked hard, harder than ever before for awhile. In vain. They were losing ground. The germs of the disease were gaining upon them, possessing more of the man's lungs, colonizing his joints and vital organs, taking more and more of the products of the labor of the weary corpuscles, who worried and weakened.

The corpuscles did not know what was the matter and they were so busy and worn out by overwork that they could not investigate. And they never did learn to think. Irritated, they began to blame one another. They got into fights; sometimes they killed; by and by there were set battles. It was a war—the white corpuscles against the red—and the whites, fewer and less vigorous at first, became by attrition stronger and, because of the weak state of the sick man and the strength of the disease, the whites were wearing down the reds so fast that the doctor in charge of the case ordered the patient to go away and find him a place in the sun.

Now in their distress and despair, some of the red corpuscles had been stimulated to look about them for the cause of the trouble, and in the sudden light of the sun upon the body of the man, they thought they saw what the matter was. They began to cry out that they had seen a light. Gathering crowds here and there at the corners of the highways and byways of the veins and arteries, they called to their followers:

"Behold, it is not we, the reds, that are making all this trouble, nor is it you, the whites. It is the parasites in the breast of our body that are at fault. They are the bearers of the disease. Them we should fight, not one another. They are living off us and our beloved country, destroying it and us. We should unite to throw off the grip of these grafters who are ruining us both, aye, and themselves, too. For after all, their lives, like ours, are but a part of the life of the body which is the foundation of all life as we know it."

The whites were astonished. They laughed at first, so absurd was it. But they soon saw that this crazy view of things was agitating the red corpuscles generally and some of the weak whites. And the parasites were alarmed. The agitators were hindering the workers, slowing up production. The parasites appointed and promoted certain picked whites to answer the reds, and, telling them what to say, sent forth these representative whites to speak. And they spoke.

"You are wrong, you reds," they said. "You are seeing red. Those that you call parasites and the seed-bearers of disease, are the healthiest germs among us. See how fit they are, and sleek; and active. They are dominant, true; they govern us, they control the movements of the man and they take the best of everything for themselves. But that is because they are the ablest, the best of us. You are envious, you, who are not yet fit to govern yourselves and can hardly support your own miserable lives. Why don't you work? There never was so much work to do. The parasites, as you call them, are giving us more and more work to do, and you complain!"

"Yes," the reds jeered, "they do give us work: repairing the damage they do, rebuilding the structures they tear down, making up what they waste in riotous living, feeding their fearful, foolish extravagance, instead of nourishing the general well-being of the body politic in which we all live, suffering or prospering together."

"Prosperity," said the whites patiently, "is only a matter of work and that is the duty of all. And our leaders, your 'parasites,' set us an example in industry and hopefulness. If you would cease from complaining, be cheerful as they are cheerful, and work as they or their fathers (who founded this state of our common body) worked; if you would exercise the enterprise, foresight, industry, and grasp, which the best of our best parasites show, then you—we all might become like them: rich, contented, prominent and powerful."

THE reds could not answer this. They tried to. They yelled something back, but it was rude and unintelligible in the confusion of the applause of the whites and of many of the reds, the honest, hard-working reds. And, besides, they were all carried away by the swift current of the blood-flow, which went on as it must, sweeping all before it.

The conflict went on, too. The reds struck, in groups, and lost; again and again, and each strike hurt them all; especially the man who grew weaker and worse. The reds had to work so hard to keep soul and body together that they had no vitality over for resistance. They became less and less red, more and more submissive, pink-white. The whites were winning; they might have won. Prosperity was on the way. Beginning at the top, among the parasites, who were becoming numerous and very, very rich, their dominions, possessions, and prosperity were flung far and wide over the body of the man who was lying quieter and quieter. The whitest of the white corpuscles could see just ahead of them the time when the prosperity at the top would come down to all in a happy state of white peace, but, all of a sudden, the man died for lack of red corpuscles and so

The Old, Old Moral.

The classic experiment could not be carried on to a satisfactory conclusion—again.

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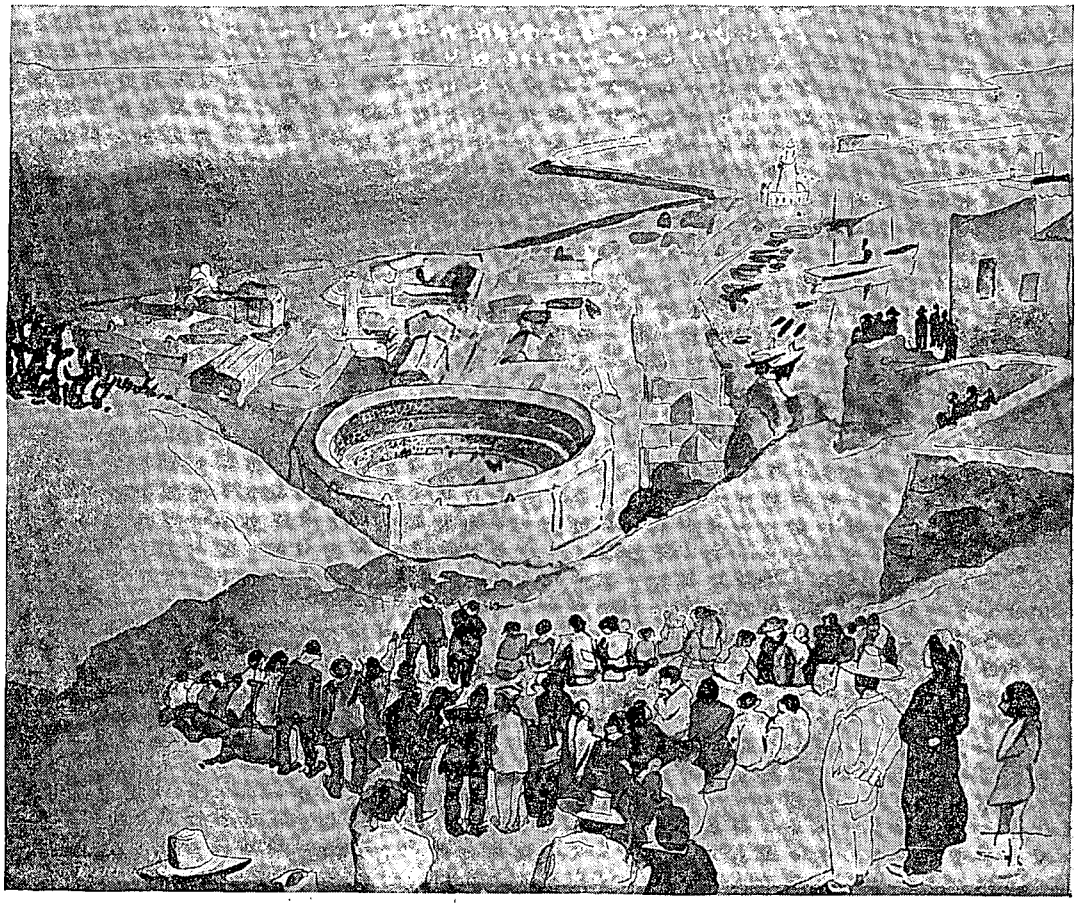

Clear Moments

FOR ten years after he graduated from Harvard, Robert Hallowell was an absorbed and successful young American business man. Then, almost overnight, he snapped his business connections and gave himself to art. As long as he can remember he has lived with paints and brushes; for five brief years they have been his tools of work. Since 1924 he has exhibited each year at the Montross Gallery in New York. The fifty-odd water colors and the much smaller group of oils which he showed there the past month had hung a few weeks earlier in Paris, the first American work to be accepted by the famous Galerie Druet in the Rue Royale.

Mr. Hallowell has worked the past year in Normandy, Spain and Paris. Many of the pictures he brought back are re-statements of familiar themes—Mont Saint-Michel, the barges lazing in the Seine, Saint-Cloud, the Paris bridges. And yet like all art which is in itself complete, secure against the petty self-importance of deliberate "message" and "lesson," these pictures, as an artist's direct response to beauty and to life, repeat no other representation. Their fresh clarity is both exciting and sufficient.

It is this final sincerity that gives back so sharply whatever moment Mr. Hallowell paints. One cannot miss it where there are living actors in the scene—the dust and thunder of the bull's charge (sketched as it happened in the arena); the pen drawing of bull and matador and doomed horse; the crowd looking down into the bullring from a sun-drenched hillside with that surrender to the instant which Latins (but not Americans) so easily achieve; the absorbed, wholly Parisian *camaraderie* of passersby pausing to cooperate with the painter in Free Advice.

But there is equally satisfying wholeness of expression when Mr. Hallowell paints places without people. In Concrete, the ponderous masonry and thrusting crane of a still unfinished bridge in Paris summarize the complex power and surety of a scientific machine age; and there is power, too, and surety in the roadway of High Bridge, lifted by tense arches over dizzy space; in the proud unchanging old walls and roofs and lofty cross of San Salvador; in Seville's bell tower, leaping upward through steady sunlight into a dome of azure sky.— B. A.

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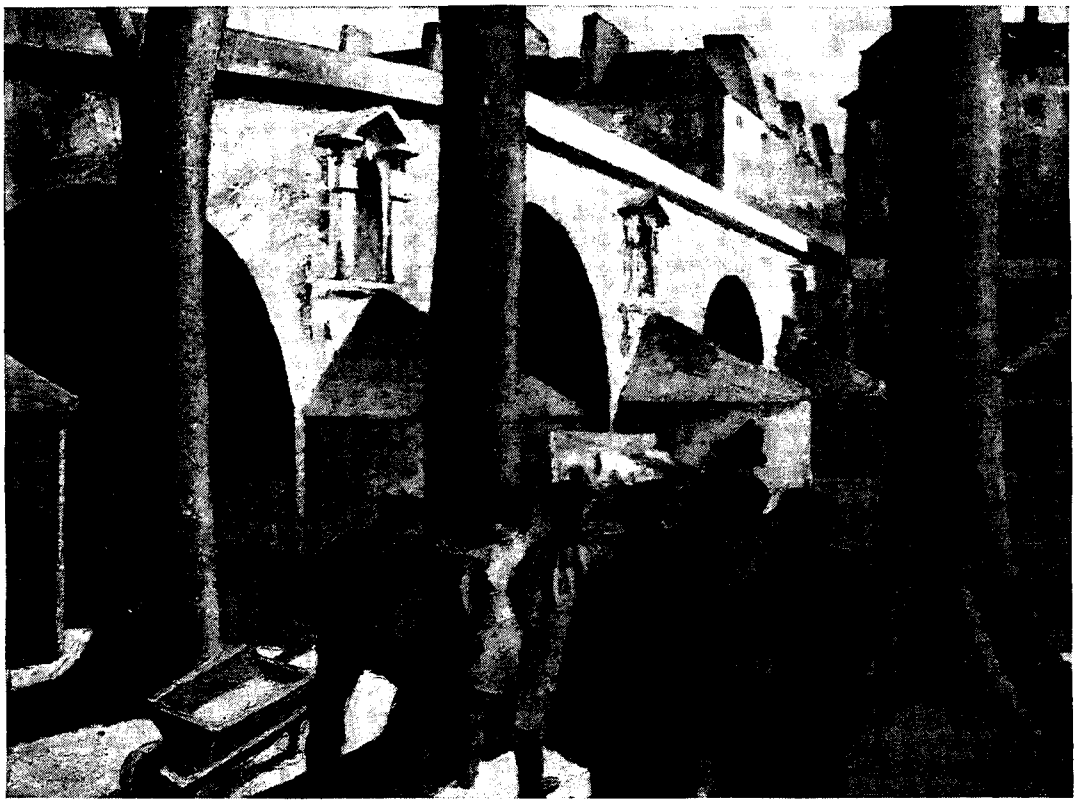
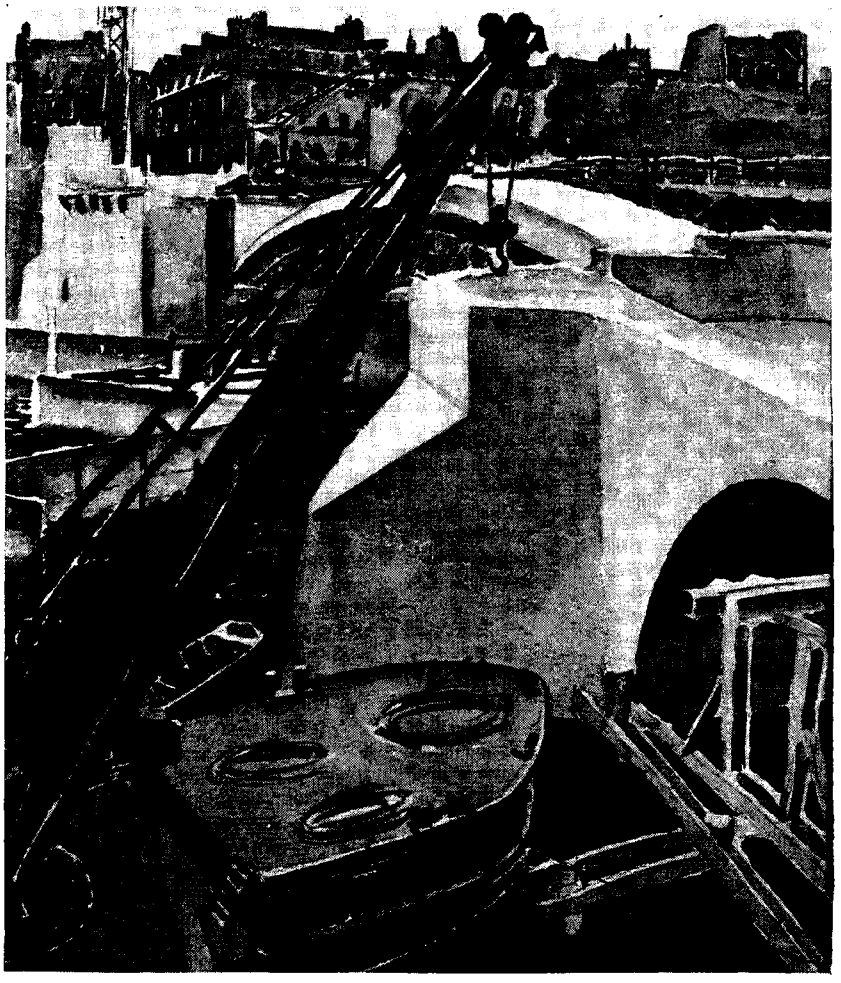


Opposite: Free Show, Malaga; Matador. Above, Free Advice, beneath the Pont Marie, Paris (oil); right, Concrete, the new bridge across the Seine; below, Sport in Spain (line drawing).



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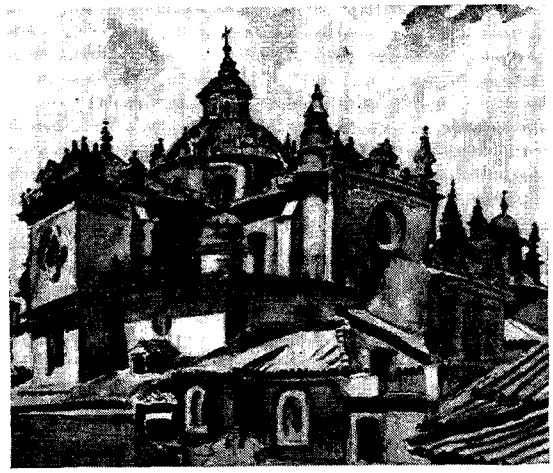
Above, High Bridge, Ronda (Spain); below, San Salvador, Seville; left, Giralda and Cathedral, Seville.



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The Blunderbuss of Sickness

By MICHAEL M. DAVIS

IMAGINE a group of human beings journeying along the road of life—babes in arms, skipping children, joyous, swiftly-moving youths, middle-age in its established habit of march, old folks with faltering tread. Sickness and Death attack them. How shall we picture these enemies? With what weapons are they armed?

Shall we think of Sickness as the advance guard of the reaper Death, whose weapon, like that of Milton's destroying angel, "is lifted to smite once, and smite no more?" It is straining a point to do that; for some of the attacks of Sickness, though real, may be trivial and may precede by many years the mortal. From vantage points near the road, the grim figure of Sickness attacks the human stream; and his weapon is not the sharp blade, deadly at the close quarters whence Death strikes, but the blunderbuss of old days, shooting a motley charge of missiles with crude aim. Sometimes a well-directed blast cuts a swath across the road, a pestilence of destruction, but more often the slugs fall scattering. Few or none escape wholly, many receive only scratches or flesh-wounds, some are laid low. The wayfarers carry such shields as they can; but none has complete armor and none can know when a bolt direct from the blunderbuss or glancing from a companion, may strike him or a loved one.

Can we, as military observers, study the marksmanship and effects of this barrage of sickness, against which humanity struggles on its way?

We can take airplane surveys, flying over the stream of human beings and noting as we pass how many are stricken down. From surveys, such as those conducted by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, in which 579,000 persons were passed in review, and smaller cross-section pictures, we know that at any given moment we may expect to find about two in every hundred persons knocked out by the blunderbuss. The proportion has occasionally been found over 3 per cent (much more during an epidemic like that of influenza in 1918), and sometimes as low as one-and-a-half per cent, or even a little less. There is a definite fluctuation with the seasons. The marksman shoots poorly during summer and scores most hits during late winter and early spring.

These figures mean that, if you were one of the six million humans in New York City, and had the magic eye of Argus to see all your fellow-citizens at once, you would perceive between 100,000 and 200,000 of them, an average of about 150,000, laid up with incapacitating illness, besides some additional thousands of non-residents who had come to benefit by the advantages which the metropolis is supposed to offer to the sick as well as to the joy-seekers. If you lived in Des Moines, you could picture among your 135,000 fellow-townsmen, about 2,700 on their backs, sometimes a few more, sometimes a few less. Choose your community—but you will have to keep that suffering 2 per cent, or near it.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston, in one of the most careful surveys of this kind, pursued for five years among a working force averaging 2,233 persons, showed that the average worker lost 8.9 days a year on account of sickness—more than a week's time. The blunderbuss hit women much more frequently than men; the average number of cases of disabling illness for each male employe per year was 1.03, while it was more than twice as many, 2.30 in fact, for women.

A week's time lost in a year because of sickness is shown by other studies to be not less than the truth. An "average" figure of this kind, of course, implies that many workers lose no time at all, or very little, while some are laid up for many weeks. The "average" embraces and conceals divergent living realities, but we can use the average to show what sickness cost the wage-earners of this country. Tot up the loss in dollars as well as in days and you will find that sickness costs the forty-five million employed persons of this country more than a billion dollars loss of earnings annually.

Look for the children among those laid low. What mother will guess the number of days a year in which sickness keeps children away from school? Three to five per cent of school time is lost in this way. Contrast the hits of the blunderbuss among the poor with those in comfortable circumstances. The latter are better able to get out of the line of fire. In seven southern cotton-mill villages in South Carolina studied by the U. S. Public Health Service, the sickness rate was 70.1 per one thousand in the lowest income group, and 48.2, 34.4, 18.5 respectively in the groups of progressively higher income. In Hagerstown, Maryland, a study from the same authoritative source showed 32.2 cases of sickness per 1,000 persons among the "well-to-do" and "comfortable," while among those of "moderate" economic status, the rate was 37.6 per 1,000, and among the "poor and very poor," the rate rose to 40!

THE blunderbuss not only lays people on their backs—it scotches many who can still walk. Surveys made in Framingham, Massachusetts, in 1917, and by the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in 1922 in the Mulberry district of New York, showed non-disabling illness to be 1½ to 2½ times as frequent as disabling sickness. The best way to study non-disabling sickness is not by airplane; we should walk abreast the human stream and observe the section nearest us as we move along with them. In Hagerstown, Maryland, the staff of the U. S. Public Health Service kept abreast of a population of about 8,000 persons continuously for twenty-eight months, and thus found that the total hits of the blunderbuss averaged 1,080 for every thousand persons, or a little more than one case of illness a year. The hits were decidedly more frequent among women than among men; 942 hits per thousand men a year, 1,210 per thousand women. An impressive number live and walk on with disease instead of either dying or getting well: one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three chronic illnesses were reported among 8,587 persons.

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If we inquire as to the kinds of illness, the reply from Hagerstown is that diseases of the respiratory tract preponderate enormously. They are especially frequent during the colder months and account for most of the variation of the sickness rate with the seasons. Illnesses of the digestive system come next in frequency. Almost half of all the illnesses reported to the surveyors might be roughly grouped as colds and collywobbles.

More interesting is the question: Among you and me and 998 of our neighbors, how many would be hit by the blunderbuss in the course of the year? How many of us would escape entirely? How many of us would be hit once? How many twice? And so on. The invaluable data from Hagerstown answer these questions and though we cannot be sure just how far the percentages would apply to ourselves and our neighbors, the general picture corresponds with our common experience.

Speaking of 4,420 persons whose state of health was reported on throughout a continuous period of twenty-six months:

20 per cent had no recognized illness at all,
25 per cent were sick once during the twenty-six months,
20 per cent were sick twice during the period, or about once a year,
35 per cent were sick four times or more during the period, or on an average, more than twice a year.

It is enlightening to know that half of the last group, of "sickly" people, are young children, especially children under ten years of age, among whom about 45 per cent were ill twice a year or oftener. In contrast to this is the age period 20 to 24 years, when only 10 per cent were within the group of maximum sickness. In mid-life, 30 to 50 years, approximately one-fifth of the people are in the sickly group (ill twice a year or more), one-fifth were ill once a year and the remainder, or a little more than half, report no illness or only one illness during the whole twenty-six months.

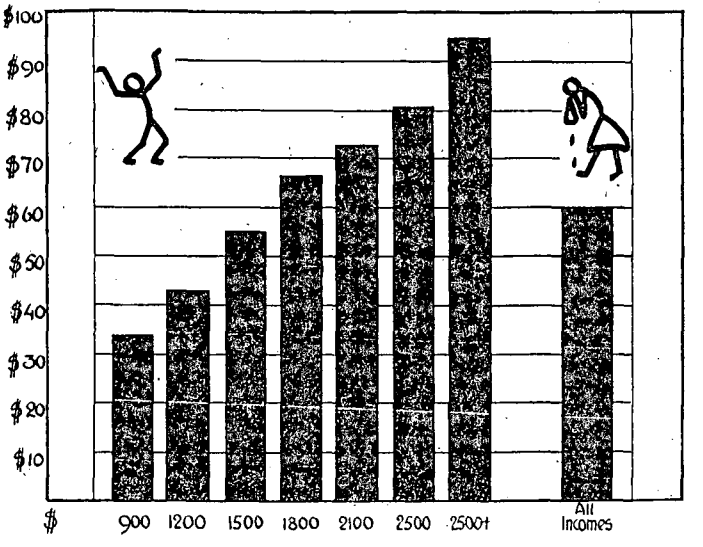
Can we bring all these facts together into a unified picture? Before trying to do so, let us not allow the statistics of disease to lead us away from the human beings who suffer it. The frequency of illness has no necessary connection with its gravity, nor even with the cost of its care. Nor is illness that is not disabling for that reason not "serious." Some diseases which are most dangerous in ultimate effects on health and life may go on for a time, even for a long time, as non-disabling illness. Cancer, tuberculosis and syphilis are outstanding examples; while many "minor" and non-disabling diseases of special organs, such as eyes, ears, teeth and digestive system, lead to permanent disability or impairment if uncared for.

PUTTING all our data together, we can now picture the blunderbuss of sickness as so efficient that at any given moment we should find two people in every hundred disabled and at least twice as many stricken though not incapacitated. During a year about one in five persons will be hit seriously, about a third of the stream of human beings will be struck with sickness several times, about one in five will be hit once and though in any one year a third may not be touched, few escape sickness at some time over a period of years.

Can we translate this picture into financial terms? The chart here shows what 12,096 families in 92 cities spent for the care of sickness in a year. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics studied these families in 1918-19. Sixty dollars a year was the average expenditure for looking after

AMOUNT SPENT ON ILLNESS BY 12,096 FAMILIES
Studied by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics
1918-1919

Income Groups	No. of Families in each group	Amount spent in each group	Approximate per cent of income spent
Under $900	332	$34.10	4.3
$900—1,200	2,423	43.34	3.9
1,200—1,500	3,959	55.56	4.1
1,500—1,800	2,730	67.85	4.2
1,800—2,100	1,594	73.75	3.9
2,100—2,500	705	81.77	3.7
2,500 and over	353	95.56	3.7
All Incomes	12,096	60.39	4.0



the health of a family averaging practically five persons. The Department of Agriculture has since gathered budgets of 4,705 farm families in various sections of the country, showing average annual amounts running mostly between $50 and $60. These figures include everything spent for doctors, dentists, nursing, hospitals, medicine, and the like. It is an average of a little over $12 per person per year. These families were not dependents—they were selected as typical self-supporting families who, for their ordinary illnesses, must have paid the rate usually asked by the physicians or institutions which they generally patronized. That the money spent steps up regularly with the family income is observed in all sections of the country. This cannot be because there is less sickness among the less well-paid; facts indicate the exact contrary. Why did families with incomes over $2,100 spend twice as much as those with incomes under $1,200? The difference is much too great to be accounted for by a larger percentage of free or reduced-rate service by physicians. It is not to be supposed that those in higher income brackets of this table spend more for the care of illness than they need. The obvious explanation is that the less well-off get insufficient care in sickness because they cannot pay for anything more or anything better. As income lowers toward the point of bare sufficiency for the weekly necessities of food and shelter, doctoring becomes a luxury that is foregone except in the emergencies of grave illness.

The expenditure for the care of sickness runs rather close to four per cent of family income. The table accompanying the chart shows that it is slightly higher for small incomes than among the larger. Four per cent out of an income of

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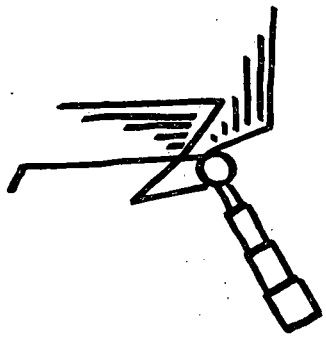
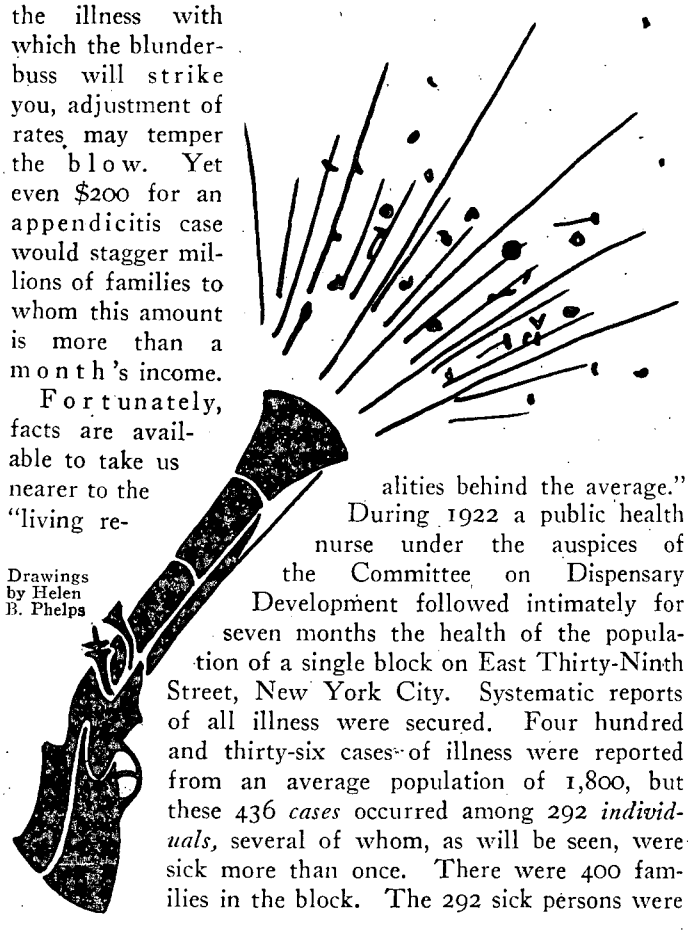


$1,500 or less is a far greater burden than the same percentage from an income of $2,500 or more. Certainly, tragedies of struggle and deprivation lie hidden behind that 4 per cent!

Now what can a family of four or five persons buy in the way of doctoring or other care in sickness for $60 in a year? The question possesses little real meaning, for the reason that only a small proportion of families are actually spending $60, or close to that figure, for the care of their health. The average is made up of the expenditures of a large number of families who have spent much less than $60, and of a small but unfortunate group who have had a great deal of sickness and spent much more.

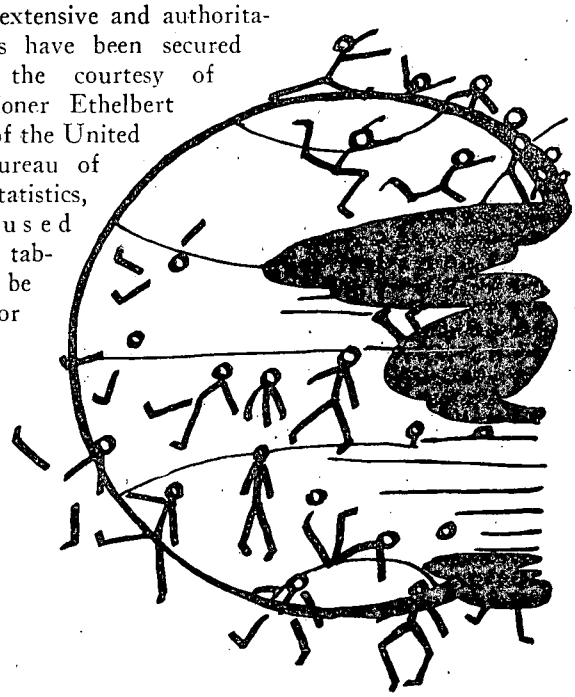
If we are dealing with diet, and if we know the number, age and sex of the members of a family, we can calculate quite closely the amount of food and the sum of money that will be needed to keep that family nourished for a year. So, too, with rent and clothing, for these also are regularly recurring needs. But with sickness no such advance estimates are possible. Suppose we know that the "average" spent by nearly 17,000 city and farm families was $60 in a year for the care of illness. Does that help us to decide how much *our* family will need to spend during the *next* year? Not a bit. Though you cannot pick the time when and the illness with which the blunderbuss will strike you, adjustment of rates may temper the blow. Yet even $200 for an appendicitis case would stagger millions of families to whom this amount is more than a month's income.



Drawings by Helen B. Phelps

Fortunately, facts are available to take us nearer to the "living realities behind the average." During 1922 a public health nurse under the auspices of the Committee on Dispensary Development followed intimately for seven months the health of the population of a single block on East Thirty-Ninth Street, New York City. Systematic reports of all illness were secured. Four hundred and thirty-six cases of illness were reported from an average population of 1,800, but these 436 *cases* occurred among 292 *individuals,* several of whom, as will be seen, were sick more than once. There were 400 families in the block. The 292 sick persons were in only 160 families, 40 per cent of the total. In 60 per cent of families no sickness was reported, though the statistics doubtless overstate the case, as there probably were unreported illnesses. Even with considerable allowance for such errors, the figures furnish a good illustration of the uneven incidence of sickness. The uneven incidence of expense follows inevitably.

More extensive and authoritative facts have been secured through the courtesy of Commissioner Ethelbert Stewart of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, who caused a special tablation to be made for the writer, showing the distribution of expenditure for sickness among 2,046 families studied by the Bureau in 1918-19, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and St. Louis. By thus learning how many and what proportion of families spent specified amounts for the care of sickness, we are able to get behind the average and observe the scene of sickness from the inside, as it affects the individual family. The following table shows some of the enlightening results of this inquiry.



At any given moment we may expect to find about two in every hundred persons knocked out by the scattering charge of slugs fired from the old-fashioned blunderbuss of sickness

Notice how unevenly the expenditures fall: 13 per cent of the families expended less than ten dollars in a year; from other sources we learn that most of this money probably went for drugs and medicines. On the other hand, 14 per cent spent more than $100 and 2 per cent more than $250. The thirty-six families who spent more than $250 apiece paid altogether a total of over $9,000, while 564 families spent altogether only $6,020. Thirty-nine per cent of the families paid out less than $30, or less than half of the "average," while the 14 per cent who had to spend more than $100 bore 40 per cent of the total burden. Fifty-five per cent of the total burden fell upon 23 per cent of the families. If only it were possible to tell in advance into which group any particular family, such as your own, would fall!

The same uneven distribution is shown in Professor Jessica B. Peixotto's new book, Getting and Spending at the Professional

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Standard of Living, of ninety-six families of the faculty of the University of California. The average expenditure for health was about $200, but one-sixth of the families had to spend more than $500 each. Among these were five families, two of which had incomes under $5,000, who spent each between $1,000 and $2,000.

DISTRIBUTION OF EXPENDITURE FOR SICKNESS AMONG 2,046 FAMILIES IN SIX CITIES

Expenditure per family per year	Number of families	Per cent of families	Total expenditure
0	37	2	0
Under $5	108	5	$324
$5— 10	126	6	1,008
10— 20	293	14	4,688
20— 30	247	12	7,422
30— 40	230	11	8,050
40— 50	201	10	9,045
50— 75	344	17	20,640
75—100	177	9	15,045
100—250	247	12	37,050
250—and over	36	2	9,300
Total	2,046	100	$112,572

The incidence of sickness is uneven, but the incidence of expense is still more so. We appreciate this only at long range, however, from the statistics discussed above. We perceive it more concretely in terms of the bill for particular illnesses, for after some "ways of doctoring" have been pursued by a family, arrives the day when bills come home for payment. It is then that the brass tacks of the situation stick their points in. When the crisis of an illness involving life or death is upon a family, cost becomes a secondary consideration to the recovery of the loved one; but outside of such emergencies, cost is a vital consideration. If one goes to a hotel one can pick a room that suits one's purse. If one has only a gallery income, one need not go to the box office and demand "two on the floor on the aisle." But you cannot pick the kind of illness you are to have in proportion to your ability to pay for it. Illness picks you.

Here are the showings of a surgeon's charge book kindly furnished by him to show what he knew about the expenditure to the patients in two cases of acute appendicitis:

	Patients of small means	Patients of large means
Diagnosis		
1 home visit	$5.	$25.
Laboratory tests (done in doctor's office)	$5.	$35.
Operation in hospital		
Surgeon and anaesthetist	$100.	$1,000.
Post-operative care		
3 home visits	$15.	$75.
Total	$125.	$1,135.

THESE figures exclude hospital care, special food and home-nursing following the operation. The hospital charges for the patient of small means may have ranged from $60 in a semi-private room at minimum rates for ten days with no special nursing, up to $150 for two weeks in a private room with some special nursing. The patient of large means probably paid hospital bills of from $200 to $400. Thus the total cost for the care of these two cases of acute appendicitis ranged from not much over $200 to more than $1,500.

In 1924 and 1925, eighty physicians of Brooklyn reported to a committee of their own county medical society the cost of care to 299 private patients. The report (published in the Long Island Medical Journal of March, 1926) makes and illustrates an interesting economic classification of illnesses:

Short duration	Expense heavy: e. g., hernia, $723, appendicitis, $373
	Expense light: e. g., quinsy, $15, tonsillitis, $10, $30 (reduced fee)
	Expense heavy: e. g., bronchial pneumonia, $210, compound fracture, $937
Long duration	Expense light: e. g., pneumonia, $55, fractures $13, $60 (reduced fee)
	Expense heavy but distributed: e. g., nephritis, $235, diabetes, $150.

THESE and the other figures in this paragraph include only expenses known to the doctors, and, hence, often do not cover the expenditures for hospitals, medicines, home nursing and special diets. The rates of the Brooklyn doctors are lower than those across the East River. Yet in over half of the cases the expense reported by the doctor was greater than the amount, $40, that was found to be the average annual expenditure for services of doctor and dentist for an entire family as reported in the study of the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Any one, out of his own memory or the experience of his friends, can transpose New York City examples of sickness bills into the key of another section of the country or another range of practice. One's outstanding impression is the wide range of cost and the uncertainty as to what the cost will be. "Average" rates for the "cost of care of an illness," or even for particular kinds of illness, would mean little. The range is too wide. The cost of caring for "an illness," it appears, ranges from $5 to $1,000, leaving out the upper luxury levels.

The sharp edge of the financial burden is where it rests on that annual 20 per cent of the people who are struck by the more disabling missiles of the blunderbuss. Here the heavy bills fall; here is distress or disaster. The burden is less heavy but still severe for another large annual fraction. Even though we lighten the total burden of sickness by preventive work, the unevenness of the unpreventable burden will remain; the finances of a certain proportion of families will continue to be broken annually under its weight and doctors and hospitals will continue to face uncollected and uncollectable bills. Should each individual or family continue to bear the brunt of sickness just as it falls with all its weight and its unevenness? In these prosperous times, cannot individuals and families, by taking thought, carry the burden themselves? Is there a way out of our predicament by individual action, by judicious saving?

The income figures for employed persons in the United States, as estimated by the National Bureau of Economic Research, tell us that about 2 per cent of our population have incomes of over $5,000 a year, and not over 8 per cent, incomes of over $3,000. The New York State Housing Commission estimated in 1923 that two-thirds of the families in New York City had incomes of less than $2,500 a year. We must picture the great mass of families in the United States as self-supporting on between $1,500 and $2,500 a year. They are the mass who are often in a predicament because of the high cost of sickness. But high school teachers, university professors, young lawyers and 500,000 wives of white-collar workers, hasten to assure us that even though their incomes may be $3,000 or $5,000 or above, they are in a predicament, too.

We can deal with food needs (*Continued on page* 468)

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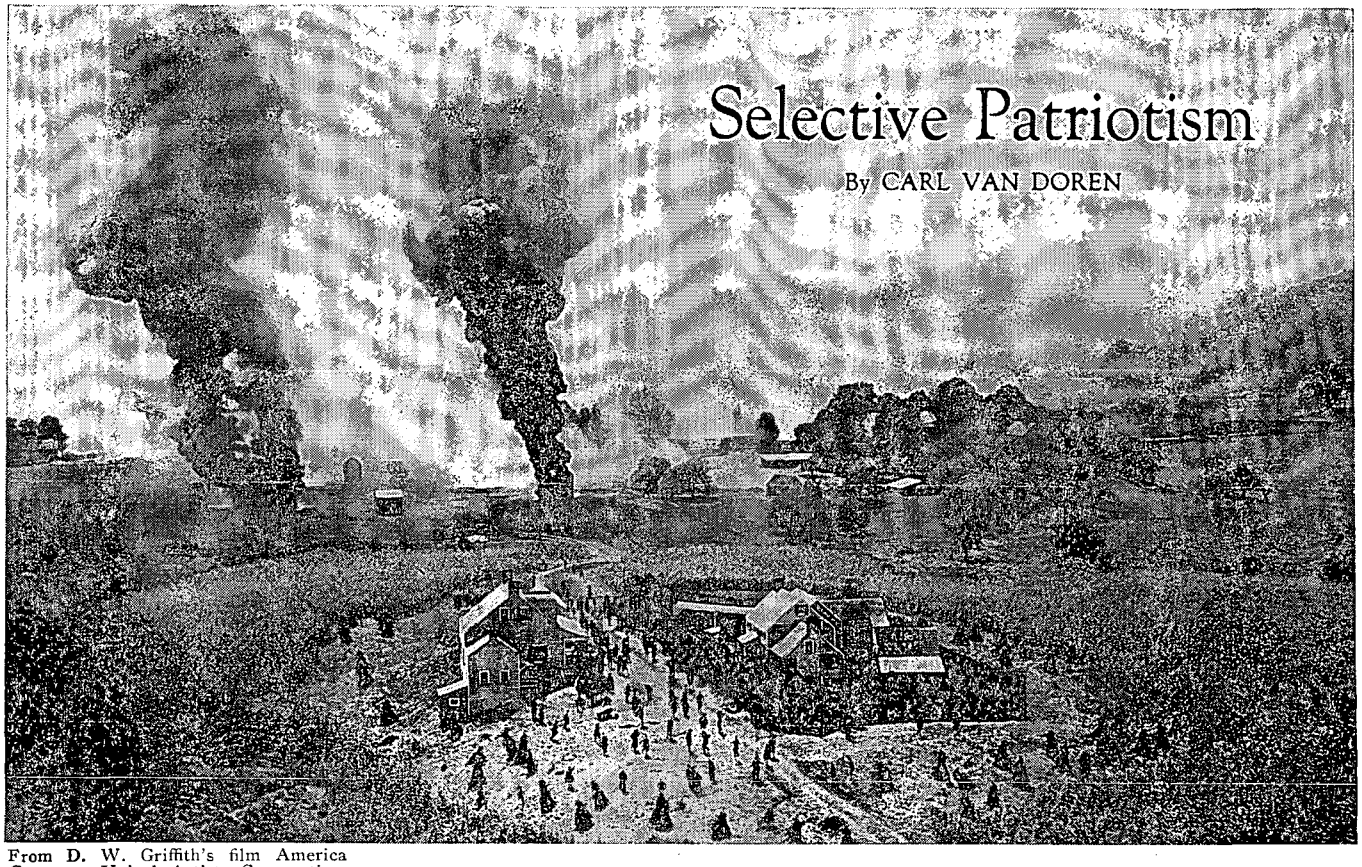
Selective Patriotism

By CARL VAN DOREN



From D. W. Griffith's film America
Courtesy, United Artists Corporation

A border fort held by American frontiersmen

A YEAR or so ago I went with my daughters to see a motion picture which, I had heard, was guaranteed to set the most cynical pulses thumping with patriotism. The time was of course that of the American Revolution and the scene was chiefly a border fort held by American frontiersmen with their wives and children and besieged by the British with their painted allies. All the standard devices of native romance were used to make the story as exciting as possible. The redcoats were numerous and magnificently equipped for the siege. The Indians, feathered and war-streaked, filled the forest. Inside the stockade children played innocently with their toys and pets; women trembled like fauns but stuck like tigers to their duties; men, short-sleeved and weary, guarded the walls against the stealth and assaults of the malign foe.

The great attack was coincident, though only the audience knew this, with the approach of an American army strong enough to scare the British back to Canada. Furiously the two streams of fate converged. Now the screen was alive with the mortal conflict at the fort, the besiegers slowly gaining in spite of all the heroic besieged could do; now with the swift march of the rescuers, grim and confident. Now these were fighting hand-to-hand at the stockade. Now those were spurring their horses to the gait of a charge. The orchestra blared and rumbled, shook the air with the wind of its organ, startled the nerves with the sound of metal clanging upon metal. The race was drawn out till the entire theater throbbed with the rhythm and the music of the picture.

Then came the pitiful, faltering moment of defeat for the trapped patriots. Then came, too, the bugles and bullets of the deliverers. Cyclone! Uproar! The mad flight of the surviving British and Indians. The frantic greetings of rescued and rescuer. Mother and child, husband and wife, lover and lover in each other's arms. Tableau. The Star Spangled Banner beating in the gale. Softer music. The hush of peace.

Shall we, the caption questioned, who are the inheritors of the country thus saved by the deeds and agonies of our ancestors, not be ever mindful of them? Must we not preserve as they left it to us the republic planted and tended in so bloody a soil? Safe from foreign enemies, shall we permit ourselves to stray into the horrid paths of dissension? Must we not, instead, rally all regimentally under

What is Worth Fighting for in American Life?

This is the second of a series of outspoken articles to be published in Survey Graphic. They will be written by men and women who, from radically differing backgrounds and in widely different fields, have borne creative relationship to their times. Each has been asked to give the roots in his own experience of what he feels is worth fighting for in American life today; the encounters which have fortified that faith, thrown it down, modified it, refreshed it, brought it to the point where he can share it with others as something to lay hold of.

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this streaming flag, firm in one purpose, one will, one loyalty? As the lights came on, I thought I saw the audience, momentarily at least, drawn together in the knot of a single emotion.

I MUST not deny that for a second I was drawn in too. Human nerves could not resist the trick played on them by these melodramatic arts. That primitive logic which stirs in children as soon as they look about them demanded that the present age, no longer exposed to the perils of the ancient border, should somehow carry itself so as to deserve such sacrifices. Only malingerers could keep out of any strife which might now arise. Only pedants could refuse to yield themselves, without finical reservations, to whatever might at any moment be the rough intent of the country's mood. Distinctions must be sunk in a general patriotism.

But this first feeling died the instant I had the chance to reflect upon it. It had been a mere chemical response. My mind, slower than my nerves in taking its position, stubbornly insisted that there are distinctions to be made as long as there are minds to make them. The patriotism which responds merely to the loudest cry may be no better than the bellow and rage of a mob. The best patriotism must be selective. It would not do to listen to the arguments of primitive logic. That might lead the listener, if he were simple enough, to believe that he owed it to his country to set matters right by killing the next Englishman or Indian he met. Or it might lead him to resolve that he would fall ruthlessly upon the next political heretic he might hear of. Or it might stop with filling a little higher yet the reservoir of his national complacency.

Exposed to the perils of the ancient borders

If a man had, however, a selective instinct in his patriotism, some heroic spectacle out of the American past could make him freshly resolve that he would choose what elements of American life he preferred and would try harder than ever to make them prevail. Suppose he loved justice. No hasty patriotic impulse could drive him into tolerating lynch law, deep-seated as the custom might be among his countrymen. Suppose he loved the liberty of the individual. He could not, for love of country, want to see the persons in it reduced to a servile uniformity. Suppose his sympathies lay rather with men than with money. He would continue thus to sympathize, even though institutions built by accumulated wealth should come to seem the essential institutions of the United States and should insist that they be supported, consequently, with the mystical devotion of a general patriotism. Suppose he hated war. He simply could not take his stand with bawling patriots merely because America happened to be a party to some international conflict. In being a patriot, he would first have to be the kind of man he was by nature.

Perhaps the general patriots and the selective patriots would never agree or, indeed, understand each other. I could not see that it greatly mattered. The question was whether the selective patriots would understand themselves. As to the general patriots, their problem was not understanding, but feeling. The burden upon the selective patriots was therefore all the heavier. They would always be in a minority, always be under suspicion, and would have to make the active use of the intelligence which is forced upon persons and societies and races when, lacking raw power, they cannot move with a large, heedless momentum, but must think their way through difficulties. In the most quiet times they would have to keep busy with their minds. And in times as confused as the years since the European war, they could not safely rest day or night.

Having carried my reflections to this point, I began to take stock of the aspects of American life to which I felt myself bound with a renewed loyalty since I had seen that exciting picture. Certainly I had never fallen into the current despair over the United States or had the faintest desire to live elsewhere in the world. I did not think this was chauvinism, for I was perfectly willing to admit that some other American might like better to live in England or France or Italy or China. I did not believe my preference was due to any sense of duty. It was too spontaneous and easy for that, and I had never had to persuade myself into it. I did not think it was sheer habit, because on the occasions when I had visited foreign countries I had felt comfortable, if not at home. No, my contentment in being an American was grounded, I thought, not in chauvinism or duty or habit, but in something decidedly more substantial than any of them, something not at all affected by my distaste for various elements in contemporary America. If it was primarily a sentiment, nevertheless it had its roots deep in my experiences, and it was supported by such thinking as I had been able to do.

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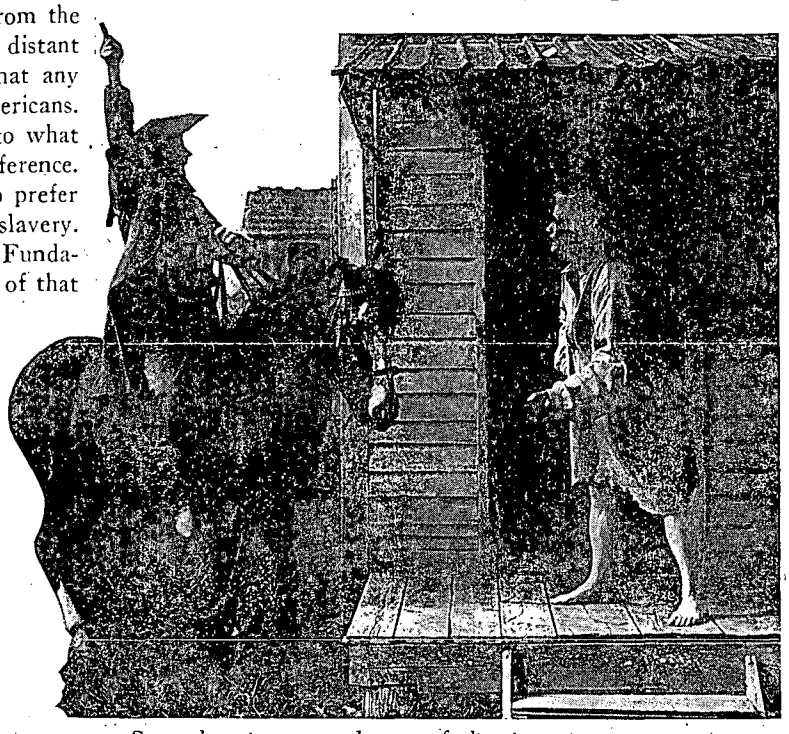
There was, to be sure, the religious aspect of American life. I knew I had to be selective where that was concerned. If the Fundamentalists were to snaffle the entire population, I should think that the heroic combat in the wilderness had been waged in vain. It could not have been worth eight years of revolution, and all the ensuing years of readjustment, to wrest the land from the savages only to deliver it into the hands of fanatics, or to wrest it from the distant George III and turn it over to the still more distant Jehovah of Fundamentalism. I could not believe that any such purpose had actuated the revolutionary Americans. They had preferred what they regarded as freedom to what they regarded as slavery, and had defended their preference. To continue the tradition established by them was to prefer whatever freedom might be menaced by whatever slavery. There could be no doubt in any rational mind that Fundamentalism was a kind of slavery. Like all the forms of that institution, it was inimical to knowledge, to inquiry, to natural change. The vice it most feared was the practice of a scrutinizing intelligence; the virtue it most cherished was the practice of an unruffled obedience. On this ground there was decidedly something to fight for, and worth fighting for.

An enlightened mind, I reflected, always occupies a frontier post which is in endless danger from the hordes of superstition. During the past three or four hundred years, in Europe and in America, the enlightened minds had kept up their defense, so that the grosser tyrannies of inquisition and civil disability were no longer exercised upon the various forms of dissent. But that, I knew, was due to the increased strength of the dissenters, quite as much as to the broadened tolerance of the orthodox. Let the enlightened once give up their fight, and the superstitious would be upon them. At present in the United States there were, it was plain, numerous signs of reaction. Hundreds and thousands of small communities used social discrimination against persons who might not care to go to church. Legislatures had already made it a violation of the law to teach in the public schools of certain states anything about the history of the earth which contradicted the fabulous nonsense given in the Old Testament. Rotarians and Methodists, Kiwanians and Baptists had joined hands in what was nothing but the old alliance of state and church to suppress independence of opinion. That their motives were sincere did not, so far as I could see, make the slightest difference. The motives of inquisitors had always been sincere. And their victims, no matter how sincere also, were everywhere in danger unless they were strong enough to fend for themselves.

FORTUNATELY there had always been, I went on thinking, a rooted disposition in the American to resist the encroachments of ecclesiastical tyranny. I did not believe that that disposition, however temporarily heedless as to what was going on, had really been lost. Sooner or later it would become apparent to many Americans that church and state were once more conspiring against the people. I remembered that in a recent visit to Georgia I had been told by at least a dozen persons that the bane of the South was religiosity; each of them used the same term. In this I detected the seeds of an awakening. There was a clear issue; and a selective patriot could choose on which side he would stand. I had no doubt as to the side I chose. It was pleasant to be able to realize that it was the side of Benjamin Franklin. The Fundamentalists might have the side of Jonathan Edwards.

I saw, indeed, that I was not merely reasoning, I was also remembering. It was clear that I had been more than usually fortunate in the theological conditions among which I grew



Some heroic spectacle out of the American past

up. There had been, of course, a church in my prairie community, but the minister had lived elsewhere, and had come to preach only once or, later, twice a month. We had lived under the shadow of no manse, had had no local hierarchy and acknowledged no larger one, and had professed a mild and humane belief concerned almost entirely with works and hardly at all with faith. During my entire youth I had never heard a doctrinal point argued with vehemence nor heard of any pressure put upon anybody to conform to a particular orthodoxy. While it had been good form to go to church, there had been, so far as I could see, no noticeable penalties for not going. One of the most conspicuous and respected men in the neighborhood had been an avowed unbeliever. A much-liked physician in a nearby village had been an active skeptic. My father, also a doctor, had been a skeptic too, though with so little interest in theology that he had never, in my hearing, mentioned it at all. And if there had been none of the tyranny of religion in that parish, neither had there been much of the terror. I had had to learn from books that there were persons who struggled in the torments of doubt. For myself, I had discarded the traditional beliefs without distress, for the reason, I suppose, that they had not been ground into me. They had not been ground into any members of my generation in that community. The most robust of the elder believers had seldom been aggressive. And I am sure that the people at large would have resisted any effort to force them into theological conformity, either by church or by state.

Well, I had possibly been lucky in my birthplace. And yet I could not let it go at that. After all, that easy-going township had been typical enough of the older American

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country townships. There must have been many like it. I knew there had been. They had evolved as a natural consequence of the secularizing, liberalizing tendency of native opinion. Why might I not consider these simple examples of religious freedom as being among the fruits of the battle which I was asked by the motion picture to cherish in my conscience? I would so consider them. I wanted them, or the spirit of them, to survive, and I wanted it, thanks to the picture, more than I had ever done before.

So much for the church. Then there was also that entity, never clearly personified in America, which would have to be called, in European language, the state. I realized that I was not able to think of the destiny of the American state as a thing quite so manifest as the classical poets and orators proclaimed. Perhaps it was true, as these had told me, that America is Utopia in flesh and blood, with an actual landscape and going institutions. That did not satisfy me. Origins had to be taken into account. The French state had been built up by the unifying force of the French kings, and then had been codified into a republic. The English state had been built up by the jealous self-defense of the English barons, and had solidified into a constitutional monarchy. But the United States had been built up without either kings or barons, except for those persons who wielded a kingly or baronial economic power. This was, I admitted, a large exception. Still, the American kings and barons had to walk more stealthily than their European counterparts, had been, on the whole, more subject to popular opinion in their activities. The people at large, if not always considered, had at least had the political right to make themselves heard. And that they had been heard was evident in a certain looseness and shagginess not yet organized and combed out of the nation. That looseness and shagginess I personally liked, for it seemed to me to have potentialities of liberty which would be lacking as soon as the pattern of the American state should have been finished and enforced upon its citizens. And on general principles I held that it is everywhere a bad national policy to decide sooner than necessary just what the pattern of the state is to be.

HERE, I saw, was another issue. Many Americans believed that the pattern had been fixed and the decision was necessary. Even where there was no philosophical conclusion, there was practical action. I remembered a comment of James Stephens. The future of the world, he prophesied, at least for some centuries, is America's. Consequently the average American has a mystical prevision of that future which leads him to be impatient of whatever may seem to put off the hour when his country shall come into its inheritance. For this reason, Mr. Stephens argued, American majorities are so short with minorities. For this reason the American manner is to brusk in dealing with Europe and Asia. National justice and international good-breeding may be regarded by the Americans as luxuries which they can not afford and, possibly, in view of their destiny ought not to afford.

To such arguments I could not respond, except to see in them a pretty speculation. The idea of a mystical prevision of a yet unaccomplished destiny was not for me. Whatever was to be brought about would have to be brought about by acts, not by expectations. At the same time, I knew that expectations have much to do with shaping the acts of a people. But whose expectations? Not, by any means, the expectations of a single party in the state. And there had always been in America the opposing hopes of differing parties. Hamilton had hoped that the trading and exploiting classes could set their stamp upon the country and make property forever safe; Jefferson had hoped that the producing classes could so be represented as to make labor certain of its lawful share of profits. Webster had roared for half a century to inculcate the metaphysical sentiment of a sacred union; Emerson for as long a time had spoken, in a quiet voice heard farther than Webster's roar, in favor of a union of the best elements in America, whatever might become of the worst. Whitman and Mark Twain, prophets of the common run of Americans, had cried up excellence in many seasons, even when the drift of events was in another direction. Through Jefferson, Emerson, Whitman, Mark Twain ran a line of hope for America which I saw I preferred to any other in the history of American thought.

What emphatically marked that line of hope was the belief that, as I phrased it to myself, the returns were not yet all in. Jefferson held that the English Whigs, Emerson that the American Whigs, had by no means exhausted the secret of human welfare. Whitman the more confidently, Mark Twain the more despairingly, still looked forward to a day when other elements in American life would be heard from. In their differing fashions, they had all been patient men, inclined to wait for what was to come, in no undue haste to balance the books of destiny. No one of them would have debated that religion had explored all its fields and so could settle down to a placid Fundamentalism. No one of them would have proclaimed that the United States was essentially an Anglo-Saxon, or even a Nordic, nation, and so could properly go about seating the Latin and African elements in the population forever below the salt. No one of them would have maintained that the twelve-hour day or child labor or the open shop or prohibition or the censorship of the press or the suppression of free speech was a law of nature which it was mere fractiousness to oppose. They had known that where the elements to be welded were so numerous, the process of welding would have to be slow. Meanwhile, every American must put forth what effort he could to see that the result would be as representative and as just as possible.

I found myself wondering whether I had had any such effort in mind when I chose to become a teacher and an historian of American literature. I realized I had not. But I had at least been pushed into the choice by an impulse which was deep if not clear. My years of study in European history and literature had never been able to submerge my earlier passion for American books and for all the records of American life. When I finally made the choice, which to many persons seemed eccentric a dozen years ago, I had had, I now remembered, the sense of coming home and settling down to work after a long period of idle travel. That sense I have never lost. I knew I was still eager to learn whatever I could about American life and literature, precisely as a man is eager to mark the boundaries of his farm and to explore every acre of it. But I knew also that with increase of knowledge had gone a steady evolution of preferences, preferences which had somehow been shaped within my mind upon a pattern which I supposed to have been determined by my original nature and my personal experiences. That nature and those experiences seemed to me to have been as American as anybody's. Surely to be a Jeffersonian, in the main, was not to be an alien in America, however much a Jeffersonian patriot (*Continued on page* 470)

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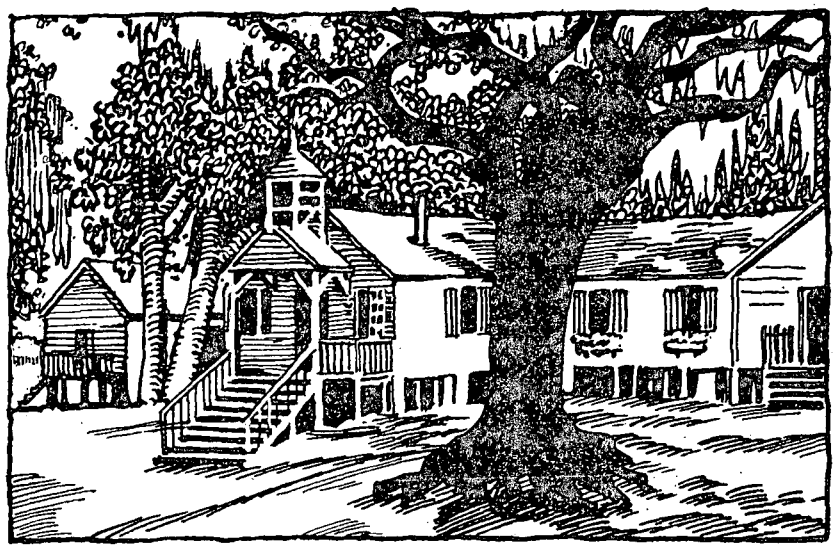

The Penn School of the sixties — the first school for Negroes in the South

A Mission of Love and Literacy

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

Crayons from life by Winold Reiss

"THERE'S the first bell!" Boys and girls drop their work in the fields as it peals out across the plantations. They join others already on the road, and groups from all directions stream in to be on hand when the second bell calls them to the class-rooms. This Liberty Bell at Penn, the oldest school for Negroes in the South, rings every day and many times a day. When the wind is right it can be heard for three miles and it tells the time for nearby-folk. It starts off the farm work at seven in the morning; it rings for the men in the fields at twelve; it "knocks them off" at five. For the children, it rings for school and work and play. It used to ring for the neighboring churches on Sunday until they secured their own bells; and when there is an evening entertainment at our new Community Building it rings out thrice to tell the people that the time is speeding and they must hurry along the oyster-shell roads.

And every time it rings it carries the message of its inscription, "PROCLAIM LIBERTY." That was the message of the founder of Penn School, Laura M. Towne, who came to the sea islands off the coast of South Carolina in the spring of 1862, not long after their capture by the northern forces, and who with her associate, Ellen M. Murray, started the islanders on their road of learning.

Three generations have responded to the clang of the Liberty Bell at Penn. On the front benches of Darrah Hall sit the "grands" of the slaves who first came under its spell. Not only have the people grown, but the educational concept for which Penn School has stood has grown. In a sense there have been three revolutions in its school-keeping.

First came that of the founders, who broke ground and proved that field hands of the cotton-lands could learn. We have all but forgotten the deep-reaching insurgency that was involved in what they wrought, in the face of the prejudices not only of the plantation owners but of many of the Northerners whom the war brought to the southern coast. The story of the things these pioneers struggled for at Penn runs for forty years.

The later revolutions have been swifter, compassed each within a decade. For as time went on, the limitations of purely academic education became etched deeply in the life of the island. They are the same limitations that are to be found, repeated over and over again, in the average Negro school in the rural South. They are the same limitations which mark the general run of rural schools the country over; the same limitations which mark much of the work of mission schools in foreign lands which have taken over too faithfully the models of our traditional schooling. So there may be significance to others in the story of how, at the end of those forty years, the revolutionary pioneering of Hampton Institute in the field of vocational education was carried over into the island work; how in ten years we brought the farms to the school.

And then—a third phase—the story of the last ten years, when we in turn have been pioneering, and have been carrying out an experiment which is being watched by educators with mounting interest, bringing the school to the farms, and making this oldest of Negro schools in a sense the newest—an all-island school, an all-the-year-round school, merging school and community into a common adventure.

The story of these three revolutions I shall set down for those who would profit by our mistakes and our measure of success.

When the Liberty Bell "rang in the new" in the early sixties, the "scholars" of that first school for the freedmen

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trooped in, men, women, and children. In the little cabin meetings held in the late evenings on the plantations had been born and sung the old spiritual,

I know I would like to read,
Like to read,
Like to read dat sweet story of ole,
I would like to read
Like to read,
Like to read dat sweet story of ole,
I would like to read.

And at last their chance had come! It is no wonder the school was crowded. It is no wonder that the grandparents came, that the mothers carried their babies to the school, for the spiritual had sung itself into the warp and woof of their lives.

The traditional view that field-hands could be taught only with the whip, was a spur to the newly imported teachers. Their motley group of pupils were hungry for learning, and they made it their first rule to have no whip in their school.

When the group of sea islands became Union territory on November 7, 1861, the northern forces found on their hands several thousand Negroes who had worked only under overseers, and far-reaching acres of long staple cotton which was of great value. Cotton agents were rushed to the islands to salvage the crop and civilian volunteers went down to help feed and clothe and teach the people. When the World War called for the women to help, we remember how many responded and went overseas to work among refugees back of the front and in the devastated regions. The voyage on a government transport taken in the sixties by northern teachers seemed as hazardous and to their families the distance seemed even greater. Moreover, the islands were known to be very unhealthy, smallpox was a frequent visitor, the Confederate army had retreated only a short distance on the mainland and might return at any time. They were setting out for a region where, since the flight of the white masters, there were few besides Negroes; a race then practically unknown to them, who were likely to view their coming with suspicion.

MISS TOWNE and the other volunteers with whom she worked, chose these hardships to the easier tasks of sewing for the soldiers at home or even the hospital service for which she had fitted herself. She first "footed" St. Helena Island on April 15, 1862, and her diary tells of the great confusion she found there. Her teaching began in the front room of the Oaks Plantation House, which was then the government headquarters. The "scholars" soon overflowed onto the porch, and the school was moved to the neighboring Brick Church where in September it numbered eighty men, women, boys and girls. Miss Towne described her first class in a few terse words:

They had no idea of sitting still, of giving attention, of ceasing to talk aloud. They lay down and went to sleep; they scuffled and struck each other. They got up by the dozen, and made their courtsies, and walked off to the neighboring fields for blackberries, coming back to their seats with a courtsey when they were ready. They evidently did not understand me, and I could not understand them, and after two hours and a half of effort I was thoroughly exhausted.

Later, the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Association sent down a school-house in sections and it was put up opposite the Brick Church and named for William Penn, who preached liberty for all. Her charges marched across the road and took their seats in the first school-house for the Negroes in the South.

These pupils of the war-time could count on their fingers up to ten; they did not know how to open a book; they had never been off the island, they knew of no town but Charleston, and "Sous Carolina" was the world to them. Miss Murray wrote that many of their grown-up "scholars" had themselves been brought from Africa; smuggled in from ships off-shore long after the abolition of the slave trade. One of the women still prayed as her mother taught her, pouring out of a vessel in worship to the full moon. A man told of his wife and children who had been left on the "other side of the great water."

Under a state law of 1834, it was a crime in South Carolina to teach slaves to read or write. This law had not been enforced and numbers of the house slaves had been taught by their owners, but this privilege was never extended to the field-hands. The coming of a school to them epitomized freedom; the teachers who brought books to the people seemed like emissaries sent down by "Massa Linkum." We who have followed those first teachers hear the people tell of them. Miss Towne was small and slight, but today they remember her as a large woman and always speak of her dark eyes full of fire. Miss Murray's perfect devotion to her leader is one of the beautiful stories of the island. Through the heat of the summer, through discomforts due to a lack of those things we look upon as sheer necessities, through attacks of fever which easily discouraged less valiant workers, they carried on. The government sent rations and friends in the North great cases of clothing. They helped feed and clothe the people; they nursed them through an epidemic of smallpox and even had an acquaintance with yellow fever which followed in the track of the war. They taught them how to live during those days when an entire

LIBERTY AND LEARNING

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

TO the minds of the field hands in the Old South, work stood for slavery. Freedom meant getting away from all manual labor. Liberty meant learning. In these things lay the significance of the efforts of those pioneers, begun while the war between the states was still on, who opened the first Negro schools in the cotton-lands. In them, also, lay the tragedy that as years went on, the gap between the working life of the people and the book learning of the schools widened.

In this and succeeding articles, Miss Cooley will tell of the adventures of Penn School in bridging that gap—a new pioneering which educators have called the most creative experiment in community education in the United States. Missionaries from India, China and all Africa come to this low-lying island off the coast of South Carolina to see, first hand, how the ideas for which Hampton and Tuskegee stand have taken root in the soil. It is a laboratory to which Teachers College and normal schools turn for their materials in developing the technique of rural education everywhere.

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countryside had to work its way out from dependence on others. They were school teachers of the whole life; theirs a mission of love and literacy.

When the war ended, they did not go back; nor in the trying time of reconstruction; they stayed on and gave the full measure of their lives. At the end of forty years, the open-handed ministry had become an island institution. The people tell how the mistresses of Frogmore always bought everything that was brought to their door. Blackberries would fill the kitchen till the cook was in despair. Every one who came to the house was first sent to the kitchen and fed, which explained what happened to the great plates of hot biscuits that were brought in for breakfast only to be whisked off so that hotter ones could take their places on the table. Although they engaged a woodcutter by the winter, it is proverbial that these hard-working school teachers never had a dry stick of wood for their own fires. They thought more of what the work meant to some Negro family than of their own comfort. Perhaps they seemed impractical to some of their critics. But they worked by a carefully thought-out plan. When Miss Towne told her family that she had volunteered for the sea islands, her old nurse bought a gold ring and placed it on her finger, saying, as she looked into those impulsive black eyes which she knew so well, "Patience! patience! patience!" The words were inscribed inside of the band and we can imagine how often the ring was to be looked at and turned by its wearer in the years that followed.

The patience, the courage and, withal, the practical constructive statesmanship of the founders was measured by the great storm of 1893, when a tidal wave seemed to wipe out in a night the work of thirty years. The people had secured their land deeds; they had learned how to win a living out of their holdings, and they were well on the way to prosperity. A cyclone from the West Indies drove the tide before it along the low-lying sea islands like a great sea; homes, stores, great trees, all went down before it, and the crops were buried in the mud. People were swept out and lives were lost. Many saved themselves by floating on roofs, clinging to the trees, and the deeds of heroism that night of the howling hurricane proved the morale of the people in a fierce but forceful manner. There was no panic, and almost invariably the men saved their families or perished with them. No cowardly case of desertion mars the record. A young man whom you could not understand, is on the Penn School farm today. He has adopted the school and no task is too menial for him to perform. You might call him queer; perhaps you would call him half-witted. He was on the roof of one home that night, and saw all of his family washed off and disappear. He was a little boy and it left its mark on him. But he has developed such a love for the school, we wonder how it could be run without him!

WHEN spring came that year, the men returned to the fields, and although they were often dizzy for lack of food, they held on and started again. The land deeds which they had won by their own labor were not given up; the islanders stayed on in homes they repaired or rebuilt; and in a few years all traces of the storm were gone. But it was remembered by a whole generation, sung into a spiritual to which the experience gave birth and recalled by the "basket" names of children born that terrible year. Some were called "Stormy" in remembrance.

Through it all there was no break in the school-keeping. The parents were determined that their children should know books. In their eyes, the free-born boys and girls were especially precious and were pushed forward as fast as possible by their families. The pupils came from all parts of the island, from Coffin's Point to Land's End, walking some of them fifteen, sixteen, or even eighteen miles a day, a custom that has been kept up these more than sixty years. In the "highest department" of those early days the pupils spent most of their time preparing for the county examinations, as the new public elementary schools for colored children needed teachers and Penn School had to provide them for the islands. Writes a visitor in 1894:

> We listen to recitations on the theory and practice of teaching, and household hygiene. Some examples in cube root, partnership, and discount are rapidly and easily worked, and we inspect beautifully written books, filled with simple bookkeeping.

Near the school was a small building put up by the boys under the direction of a carpenter who had learned his trade in the school of slavery. This was the "printing room" and here was the beginning—a bookish beginning to be sure—of industrial education on the island. In a classroom, or out in the grove, a group of girls was taught sewing. The goods sent down from the North after the cyclone were made into garments by the school girls and given to the destitute, and it is recorded of them that they never asked for anything for themselves, so glad were they to be allowed to help in the reconstruction.

These first teachers started the island Sunday schools, and the St. Helena Temperance Society was a force for good in more ways than one. A group of the older Negroes formed a Council of Thirty (*Continued on page* 450)

FROM FREED TO FREE-BORN

By WINOLD REISS

AMERICAN Indians, Mexicans, the New Negroes of Harlem, and now the pure types of the cotton-lands of the far South, have in turn been the subjects of Mr. Reiss' portraiture. He has come among us with fresh eyes and made us see, as in earlier years he depicted the Passion Players of Oberammergau. On invitation of the Great Northern Railway, Mr. Reiss spent his summer among the Blackfeet Indians in Glacier National Park and among the Bloods of Alberta—and his portrait types will be exhibited in New York in mid-winter. In the fall, under commission from The Survey and Penn School, he visited St. Helena Island. And in this and succeeding issues, we shall publish the crayons he brought back. They are unlike anything that has been done before in interpreting the southern Negro. The portrait types include:

A boy of the fields
Aunt Sophy
Uncle Sam
Sugar cane
Grands
A fourth-grader
Basket worker
A School-farm boy
Nurse Brisbane
Community worker
Hampton graduate
A teacher
Superintendent King
The Island doctor

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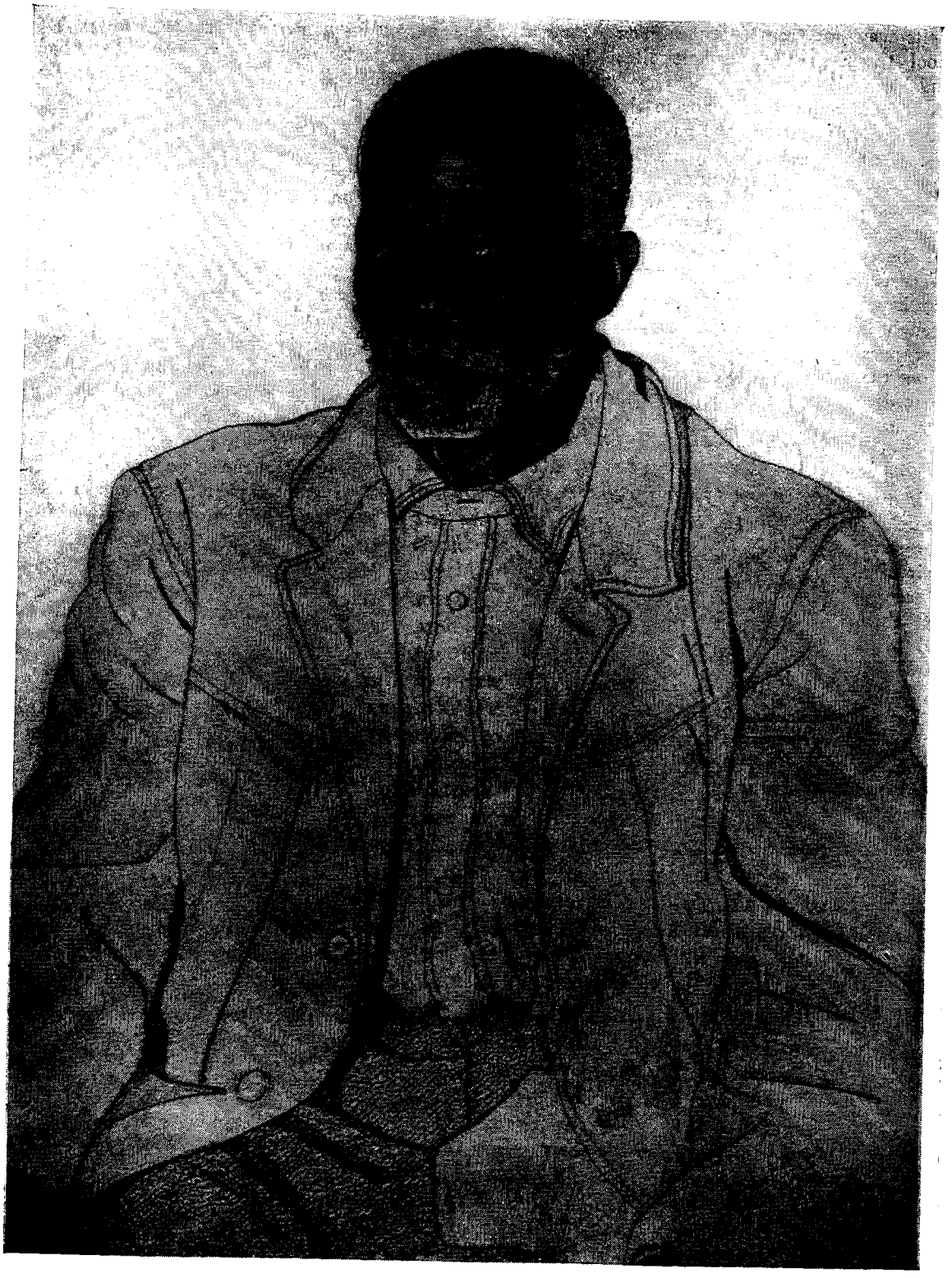

UNCLE SAM

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AUNT SOPHY

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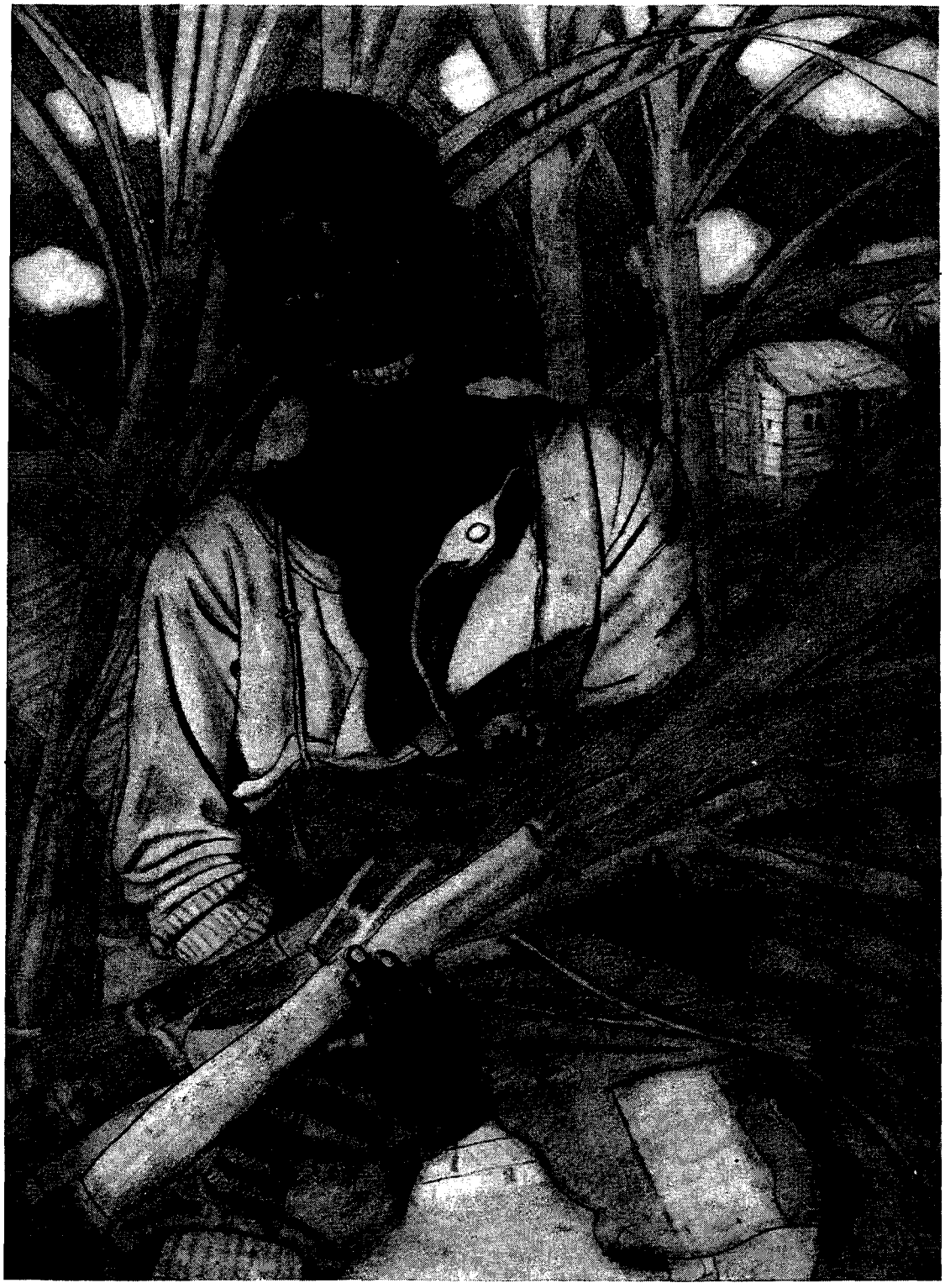

SUGAR CANE

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"GRANDS"

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(*Continued from page* 445) which met after the meeting every Temperance Monday and they began the fight against liquor which is not won yet. Temperance Monday was a picturesque day. All the county schools closed that first Monday of each month, and came to Penn School, prepared to give a "piece" for the program. They were dressed in their best; they marched in as the names of their schools were called. "Eddings Point School," would ring out Miss Murray's voice, "Frogmore," "South Pines," "Old Cuffy," and so through the list of ten county schools, every one of them led by a Penn School graduate; and in single file the children came, on and on, till Darrah Hall seemed full. In this way the large group of island children were brought in touch with the mother school, a step of great value in upbuilding a community.

THE founders saw the change from huts with bare earthen floors, where the family sat around an iron pot for their meal, eating with oyster-shell spoons, to homes which were built on their own acres. After thirty years of freedom, General Saxton revisited the region. In 1862, as brigadier-general of volunteers, he had been assigned "to take possession of all the plantations in the department of the South." The cultivation of the land was in his charge and under his direction the people were organized. He had seen them from the day the islands became Union territory. When in the nineties he again visited St. Helena he was outspoken in saying that the people did not seem to be the same race.

A demand for more and better things had been created and stimulated. With education grew a self-respect, reinforcing the Negroes' natural courtesy. As land and literacy came to the people, they developed into a law-abiding community where no magistrate has lived for most of the time during these sixty years and where white women have always gone about in perfect safety, their black neighbors serving as a guard rather than as a danger.

Yet it cannot be gainsaid that education of this early type engendered less of a love for work than of contempt for it. Writing of the Sea Island Negroes in 1902, Neils Christensen, senator from Beaufort County, summed it up in these words: "One has to struggle with colossal content, a monumental inertia that has to be combated to be understood."

Laura M. Towne and Ellen Murray were pioneers in their day, and to them must be given the credit of proving that not only the exceptional Negroes (house servants and the like, often with admixtures of white blood), but also the field-hands would respond to education. The scheme of reading, writing and religion, however, which they personified, left great areas of life untouched. The early object of Penn School was to train teachers for the county schools, with their terms of four months. Otherwise the great mass of Negro children on St. Helena and the adjacent islands would be untouched, for only a few hundred could be taught at the central building. Books were almost the only tools used, the county examinations loomed large, and the many lessons to be learned through things were left out of consideration.

Books have their limitations. The industrial education that the older generation in slavery had unconsciously absorbed as part of the plantation regime was cut short by the war. The next generation jumped across the furrows their parents had been forced to make and to make straight, and education through the work of the hands very largely stopped. Work to the Negro race was a drear necessity—it needed the flavor of interest added to it, and this flavor had to come through the school.

Nor was this peculiar to the race. How many white children in America have gone through our schools during these same decades with little thought of their education fitting them for the life they must fit into. And all over the world in the mission fields we can see the same tendency—an education that is plastered on, regardless of the life and the needs of the people. To point this out in the case of the early school on St. Helena is not to criticize the old, but to try to interpret the new.

Penn School started before the creative experiment at Hampton Institute in Virginia. The war-time pioneers on this isolated sea island did not know about the revolutionary idea which shot out of the active brain of General Armstrong and which was to influence the education of the black child and later the education of the white child as well. Not only was it to influence rural life in the South but rural life generally, and gradually to spread throughout educational systems the world over. Armstrong had seen the blacks under his command during the war and realized the need of educating the whole personality. This seems like a common idea after its journey for half a century and more though men's minds. In those early years it meant a dramatic struggle to break fresh ground in old fields of thought and educational habit.

One of the men who began with General Armstrong and helped him put the idea into deeds, Albert Howe, told me of a morning in the early days of Hampton when a whole class "struck." They were to dig a trench and were started off with shovels and hoes, unfamiliar tools for a school to put into the hands of its new pupils. Men, many of them were, who had had military experience, young men who believed in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, whose eyes were far off from the common tasks in the fields, fixed on a goal to which algebras and latin books seemed as stepping stones. When they received their directions for the day's work, they rested on their shovels and began to discuss it among themselves. Told that they must take the education as given at Hampton if they wanted to stay, they all sat down by the side of the road, their new educational tools beside them, a rueful crowd in the blue overalls that seemed so out of keeping as uniforms for scholars. There they sat till the sun stood at noon-day.

When they took up their tools and began to dig, ground was broken for the new idea in more ways than one that sunny morning in Virginia.

AS the time came when Miss Towne knew she must lay down her work and that it must eventually be entrusted to other hands, she looked far beyond the rim of the islands. She welcomed the suggestion of her niece, Mrs. William F. Jenks of Philadelphia, to seek advice from Dr. Hollis B. Frissell of Hampton. She had stayed at her post till the finish. She had gone through not only the cyclone which swept over the islands, but its greater counterpart caused by the reconstruction of the whole economic system of the South, when misunderstandings were inevitable and experiments almost dangerous.

Dr. Frissell has told me how he felt as he was rowed in a bateau across the river from Beaufort. He watched the long sweep of low-lying shore, the marshes glimmering in the lights and the shadows cast by the clouds above. Here on these islands was a distinct section of the Negro people,

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separated in a measure by the tides and marshes from not a few demoralizing influences, a whole group that had been influenced by some of the best gifts that the white race had to offer. He took the long drive down the oyster-shell road to Frogmore. In an upper room of the old plantation house where the founder of Penn School, the Island Physician, the Friend of All the People, lay dying, the three missionary educators talked over the future of St. Helena. And Dr. Frissell promised Miss Towne and Miss Murray that their work should not go down.

SOME of you will remember Dr. Frissell. On his broad shoulders had the Hampton work settled and in his hands had it grown into international proportions. There was room in his imagination, as in the broad South, for Penn and for many another school which turned to Hampton for help and advice. When in the years before his death he came to Penn on his annual visits he always brought with him a sense of peace and the feeling that all was going forward. His marvellous grasp of details gave him the power of becoming as a father to his own students and also to that larger group who turned to him constantly as if they were a very part of Hampton. You remember him with his hand upraised, his great message of "Struggle" on his lips, with his keen sense of humor, which so often set things in their right proportion; with that quiet force—so quiet that you often wondered just where the force lay. As at Hampton, Hollis B. Frissell had become the builder, following Armstrong the founder, so in the rural South and on St. Helena as a part of the rural South, he showed us how to build on foundations that had gone into the very life of the people.

The coming of Dr. Frissell soon led in turn to the coming of a group of young men and women who had been thoroughly inoculated with the Hampton spirit. First Frances Butler and I, sent out as it were to extend its mission to the very front line. Then Grace Bigelow House came to take the work Miss Butler laid down with her life our first year on the island. Two young Hampton graduates joined us, although we had no dormitories and it meant living in the community and walking to school each morning just as the children walked. When the group increased to five, we had some portable houses sent down and these, put up near our own cottage, became our first teachers' quarters. They weren't very comfortable. Two had to sleep in one tiny room, and there was no general living-room. It was not long before they began to leak, but never a word of complaint. Water was carried from a pump in the field, little foot-paths ran between our buildings, cock-spurs caught us at every step in the autumn; and until a kind neighbor showed us how to sweep them off with the gray moss that gowns all oak trees, we were in trouble every time we stepped out!

They came down to hand on what friends had given them in that great school by the sea. "Sugar Lump" was one of these, so called by some of the devoted little children who soon realized, as all St. Helena came to realize, that she had come to give her all. Linnie Lumpkins stood for Hampton in the Fields and no service was too little or too big for her to give to the island people. Hers was our first school wedding, and then for the first time we used the great yucca blossoms for decorations—beautiful ivory white wedding-bells growing on tall stalks, that would make many a city bride envious! She was married to Joshua Enoch Blanton, who had come down to tackle the school farm—an old abandoned cotton field without roads, or fences, or fertile soil. His determination not to give up his first job for five years carried him through many discouragements and for seventeen years he continued the struggle that prepared him for the larger responsibilities as principal of another school. His was a good idea for young people in school to go out with, if there is the real desire to serve in their hearts, for the continual jumping about of teachers in the rural work is one reason for much of its failure. The "givey-up" feeling has to be battled with when results seem slow in coming. Rosetta Mason, one of that early group who came "for two years" and has served the island since, James P. King with his record of over a dozen years, and other Hampton graduates have proved the value of continued service. Later, graduates of other schools joined us in the adventure, and in the circle there is a group of islanders, men and women who as boys and girls trudged the roads from their homes on the farms, who held on till they won the Penn School certificate, and some of them, also, a Hampton or Tuskegee diploma. They have proved invaluable helpers in the school, handing on the torch with an understanding of their own people which did not have to come through an adaptation to the island.

So the training of these schools for leadership has been brought to earth, here on our mud flats and down our oyster-shell roads. Every teacher, whether in classroom, kitchen, shop or on the farm, carries an equal responsibility in bringing the more abundant life to the sea islands.

Newcomers as we were, we were fortunate in soon having a new and modern school building to work in and through. Meanwhile, the little schoolhouse under the live oaks, rambling and picturesque, historical as being the first one built for the Negroes in the South, had become so timeworn and shaky after some forty years of service that there was nothing to do but to wreck it. It leaked like a sieve. Miss Murray had written of it in one of her letters:

> I wish our friends could look in upon us during one of our frequent rain storms. The recitation rooms are flooded. One teacher, subject to rheumatic attacks, holds her umbrella over her head as she teaches. In another class the giggling pupils are perched like chickens to roost on the top of the desks, the floor below them being a pool. One teacher thinks it is a good time to scour and has her boys with brooms sweeping out the wet and dirt together.

But what to do with our precious heirloom—the school building of the sixties! The idea and the right moment came. We had found old Aunt Jane living in a house so "ractified" that it was propped up by poles, ready to collapse in the next hard wind-storm. "I aint hab no cyat nor kin on dis island," she had explained as our ponies stopped by her door one day. "My head is berry short ob knowledge, but my mind is on top o' yo'."

THAT tiny home in the fields haunted us and Aunt Jane with her "mind on top of us" drove us to action. The new schoolhouse had been built and all but the classes in agriculture had been moved over. I had taken those classes of big boys, hoping that by so doing I might be able to popularize the most unpopular of our innovations. Even Miss Murray had felt that the people could get the facts from farm journals and that school time was wasted on that subject. Farming did not connect very well with the ideas on education held on St. Helena Island at the time of our coming. But in one of those leaky recitation rooms I met the boys and taught of (*Continued on page* 475)

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"The Greatest Menace to Freedom Is an Inert People"

THOSE who won our independence believed that the final end of the state was to make men free to develop their faculties; and that in its government the deliberative forces should prevail over the arbitrary. They valued liberty both as an end and as a means. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth; that without free speech and assembly discussion would be futile; that with them, discussion affords ordinarily adequate protection against the dissemination of noxious doctrine; that the greatest menace to freedom is an inert people; that public discussion is a political duty; and that this should be a fundamental principle of the American government. They recognized the risks to which all human institutions are subject. But they knew that order cannot be secured merely through fear of punishment for its infraction; that it is hazardous to discourage thought, hope and imagination; that fear breeds repression; that repression breeds hate; that hate menaces stable government; that the path of safety lies in the opportunity to discuss freely supposed grievances and proposed remedies; and that the fitting remedy for evil counsels is good ones. Believing in the power of reason as applied through public discussion, they eschewed silence coerced by law—the argument of force in its worst form. Recognizing the occasional tyrannies of governing majorities, they amended the Constitution so that free speech and assembly should be guaranteed.—

Mr. Justice Brandeis in his concurring opinion, Whitney vs. California, U. S. Supreme Court, May 16, 1927.

"Silence Coerced by Law"

By PAUL U. KELLOGG

TWO title lines—and the paragraph from which they are taken—are drawn from Justice Brandeis' opinion in a California case last May. In his old practicing days, before his appointment to the United States Supreme Court by President Wilson, the justice from Massachusetts must have pondered often the beliefs of "men who won our independence," for his walks took him across Boston Common. The neighborhood is studded with statues to them, with tablets commemorating their deeds on the spot, and ringing inscriptions from their words.

If you scanned the country for the most congenial stage for free speech and freedom of assembly, to see how far those liberties have been preserved undiminished in our day—both because of these historic associations and because of long practice—it would be Boston Common.

That gave significance to the recent trial in the Superior Court of Suffolk County of Powers Hapgood, Harvard graduate and labor volunteer, on appeal from the Municipal Court of Boston where he had been sentenced to six months at hard labor. He had been charged with speaking without a permit, with assault and rioting on the Mall of Boston Common on Sunday afternoon, August 14, eight days before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. While his trial was on, his attorney, Arthur Garfield Hays, representing the American Civil Liberties Union, gave me the pith of their experience in cases all over the country:

Free speech and assembly were written large when the national Bill of Rights was added to the United States Constitution—its first amendment in 1791 and thereafter incorporated in the constitutions of most of the states—but they have been so whittled down by municipal ordinances, police and courts under the guise of traffic regulations and fire regulations and what not, that as I figure it out, the only way Americans can be sure of them is to hold a meeting on a vacant lot and go there by airplane. Even that loophole is likely to be closed so soon as we have traffic cops in the blue.

Late that Sunday afternoon, half a dozen meetings I should say were going full tilt along the Mall. Permits are issued, the allotted space designated by the numbers given to the old trees that stand there. These meetings, from the words I caught and the singing, were religious and represented a wide gamut of beliefs. Freedom for such discussion was in full swing, entrenched in tradition, growing out of the struggles which earlier generations of Protestants, Catholics, Quakers, Unitarians, had put up in their day in the face of persecution. What of economic and civic heterodoxy in our day in the face of the dominant opinion of Boston which last summer had frozen into a glacier-like front, grinding down on non-conformity in any quarter? No one who was not on the ground can appreciate the grim tension of it. The test of freedom is not its exercise by a majority; but by a minority which goes against the grade.

The Sacco and Vanzetti Defense Committee had been

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denied such a permit to hold meetings. The Sunday before, it had attempted to hold a meeting under the permits of the Socialist and the Communist parties, and this had been squelched, the permits cancelled. The day before, Chief of Police Crowley had refused the Defense Committee a permit for this Sunday. They could hire a hall and talk their heads off, he had told them; but no meeting that assailed the courts or the governor of Massachusetts would be tolerated on the Common. The hour before, that very afternoon, Powers Hapgood had been arrested for attempting to speak; and now wherever people who were scattered over the broad reaches of green, coalesced into small groups, police officers converged on them, ordering them to keep moving.

I WAS close by when such an instance happened. One of the uniformed police to converge was a young fellow with a go-cart face and a plumpness of body that made wrinkles around his buttons. He acted a bit scared and zealous to behave well in the eyes of his superior officer. Charging forward, he ran down a fleshy middle-aged citizen who wore glasses and, if I remember rightly, carried a cane. This Boston citizen looked as if his fellow feelings were concerned with nothing more damaging than the rights and liberties of the stout pigeons on the Common.

The young officer bunted fairly into his mid-regions. They both jumped to one side, but unfortunately to the same side, and collided again. They fell back, glared at each other and jumped to the other side, the civilian to get out of the way, the policeman to outflank this impediment that was cramping his style. They ran afoul a third time; and at that the police officer grabbed his opposite by the shoulders, gave him a mighty shove, and ran him backwards on his heels so fast that the old fellow almost lost his balance before the young arm of the law had deposited him at the spot where the knot of people had been standing; adding to, rather than subtracting from, what the police had regarded as a potential mob.

Their encounter was the nearest thing to a riot I saw on the Boston Common that day, and Powers Hapgood had as much to do with it as he had with the mythical violences that were charged against him. I should not, however, want the incident to stand as an epitome of the activities of the police. After Hapgood had been taken away in the patrol wagon I saw a mounted officer, under orders from Superintendent Crowley, wheel his horse round and round and clear the path along the Mall. He did it without heat or bluster, as deft and dignified a bit of crowd control as I have ever seen. Men, women and children fell back good-naturedly. With a force of such men, there would have been small risk of disorder on the Common had the Sacco-Vanzetti meeting been allowed to go its gait. On the other hand, I witnessed a typical police "bull" bear down on a knot of onlookers at the Beacon Street entrance, damning them as "dirty wops" and "bastards"; his temper and speech of a sort that would have been cause for arrest had their positions been reversed. In general the Boston police handled themselves and the crowd admirably and I so testified when called as witness for the defense; it was their after-thoughts of disorderliness on the part of speaker and spectators that I flatly broke with, as well as with their underlying contention that a conspiracy to provoke disorder was afoot.

I had reached Boston the day before. As readers of The Survey know, I had gone there as a citizen, and bore a hand in an independent move which recruited five hundred signers among responsible professional men and women to a petition to Governor Fuller for commutation for Sacco and Vanzetti or "stay of execution until all doubts are resolved and justice achieved." My journalistic bent led me to the Defense Committee's headquarters that Sunday, to the final hearings before the State Supreme Court on Tuesday, and to other scenes in the swiftly moving drama of mid-August. The issue of civil liberties on the Common was a corollary or side line to the major case which had wracked Massachusetts for seven years. But perhaps the fact that in July we had taken our youngsters in the family Ford to visit Plymouth, Lexington, Concord and other New England shrines, had made me especially sensitive as to how the ancient liberties the men and women of those parts once struggled for, stood up under modern stress.

I had gone to the Defense Committee's offices toward noon that Sunday. Gardner Jackson, whom I had met the year before when he was on the staff of the Boston Globe and who had subsequently volunteered his services to the defense, introduced me to his associates: to Mary Donovan, the spirited young Irish secretary, and to Aldino Felicani, the tall, quiet-spoken treasurer, who had organized the original committee among the Italians of Boston. The doors of their offices at the top of a bank building on Hanover Street were open; newspaper reporters and correspondents were in and out; and it was about as apt a place for conspiracy as the top of a Fifth Avenue bus.

Powers Hapgood was there. He had come on from the coal fields a few days before, where he had served as a labor organizer, and was, I was told, to speak that afternoon on the Common, under the permit of the Socialist Labor Party. The meeting was clearly a secondary matter at the offices of the Defense Committee; their major interest lay in the eleventh hour legal battle the conservative Boston lawyer, Arthur Hill, had been retained to wage for them in the highest court of the state. It was not till sometime after one o'clock that they knew that the Socialist Labor group had gone back on them in the matter of risking their permit, and Powers Hapgood volunteered to make an announcement to the crowd explaining why they couldn't go on with the meeting as planned. Mr. Jackson's sister had reached town that morning—they had not seen each other for some time—and they took Mr. Hapgood over to the Common in her car. As she later testified, they walked about together for some little time before he stepped forward to speak. It is scarcely plausible that Mr. Jackson would have brought his sister into the midst of it, if the plan was to provoke disorder. At the same time, aside from anything that was said, my impression was that Hapgood would not confine himself to a mere announcement;—a journalist's hunch, based on the spirit of the man.

IN the last five years, I had met Hapgood perhaps half a dozen times, and known of his joining the miners' union, his investigations and his organization work in the bituminous fields. I had known of his father as one of the most progressive employers of the middle West, and we had published an article on his remarkable cooperative association by which every employe in his cannery is made to feel that he is part of the whole enterprise: as striking a development as that of Rowntree in England or Dennison at Framingham. Straight, clear-cut, modest, genuine—clean of animosity and claptrap—the son seemed to me to be doing something different in kind but kindred in spirit to what college graduates had done in going into foreign

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missions two generations ago, into settlement work a generation ago, or for that matter, what Massachusetts boys did three generations ago when they volunteered for the Civil War. He challenges present-day industrial evils in the same way slavery was challenged. What his particular remedy is for them I do not happen to know but he believes in putting himself into a cause at personal sacrifice. While he has been out on bail, he has been supporting himself as a day laborer on the Boston waterfront, getting on the docks at seven and sometimes working till midnight.

At the defense office that morning young Hapgood had told me how some of the fellows he encountered in labor meetings held that democracy was played out; that our courts and governments are so in the control of the capitalists that the workers can't get justice, and that resort to force would be inevitable. This Boston situation would make it harder, he felt, to hold up the other end of the argument. The whole weight of the government, the courts, the press and everything, he said, was thrown into the scales on one side. And they wouldn't let the other side even have a hearing before the Boston public. The situation was more dashing to the things he stood for than anything he had ever run up against in the coal fields in strike time. He believed, I gathered, that there was still a kick left in democracy, that the old fellows meant business when they said you could vote changes in and that public discussion was the first step in going about it. If, when the lives of two men were at stake and thousands of working people believed they weren't getting justice at the hands of the courts, you couldn't even get a permit to discuss the issue on Boston Common, then it looked as if we had let our old liberties be scrapped for us and political action didn't offer a way out. And they would be scrapped, if we didn't exercise our rights and show that men believed in them. Most everybody in Boston seemed to be dodging the issue, but he'd like to stand up and be counted.

That is what I mean by the spirit of the man. That's what gave me my hunch that he would try to speak as well as make his announcement. That is what also made any provocation to disorder or resort to force the very antithesis of what he had in mind.

WHEN the newspaper men and the others set out for the Common, I asked Mr. Felicani to let me walk along with him. I felt that a man who had spent seven years of his life for another man was worth talking to and knowing. We stopped and had a bite of lunch on the way. Once at the Common, we found a considerable crowd of people in the lower ground near the row of trees I have spoken of. It was variously estimated by witnesses at the trial as from two to five or more thousand. But they were for the most part scattered very openly, in knots of three or four, or strolling about the grass. We had almost reached the line of trees when I heard someone at our right beginning to talk and I made for the spot. There was a ring of a couple of dozen people with Powers Hapgood in the center, and with every sentence new rings of people within hearing distance pressed up, and others seeing the movement, drew in from all directions. They seemed to me much more eager and expectant than if the Salvation Army had started a meeting; but there was nothing threatening about their looks; they were more curious than anything else.

Powers Hapgood was explaining about the difficulty of the permit as I came up and that the meeting was off. But, he went on to say, he for one proposed to exercise his rights of free speech as an individual American citizen, to demand justice for Sacco and Vanzetti and protest against their being "railroaded to the electric chair." There was applause. At the trial there was not any serious disagreement among the witnesses for or against Hapgood as to what he had said before the police worked their way through the crowd and stopped him, demanding whether he had a permit and putting him under arrest.

He did not struggle nor attempt to resist the officers who arrested him, though they pulled him along in a way that may have given that impression. He kept on speaking, however. I caught enough of it to know that he was no more than continuing the thread of his argument for the men in Charleston prison. It was police-made law rather than police enforcement that he challenged. He did not urge violence. He did not call on any one to rescue him. He merely tried to get off as much of his protest as he could before he was out of earshot of his listeners. He was taken to a police box half way back along the Mall, some of the crowd following after and others continuing to press in from the farther reaches of the Common to see what the excitement was about. There was some booing at the police and cheering of Hapgood, but nothing that a league umpire doesn't face from the bleachers a dozen times in the season.

AS Hapgood was being led off, I noticed that two officers had another man under arrest. They were yanking him. He was a young Italian whom I had not seen before and whose name was first learned at the Police Station by members of the Defense Committee as well as by the newspaper men: Cosimo Carvotta. The next day much was made in the press of the open knife he carried in his pocket, but this proved to be the screw driver blade of a small knife he used at his trade of mending sewing machines and even the magistrate threw it out as inconsequential. In the higher court, testimony that he had struck an officer was pared down, under Mr. Hays' questions, to an elbowing. He was charged with attempting to free Hapgood, with assault and rioting, and their cases on appeal had been linked together in the Superior Court as part of a common conspiracy.

Hapgood himself was charged with making an address without a permit. Twenty-four hours later a more serious charge was brought against him; and again he submitted peaceably to arrest, this time to police officers who came without a warrant. He went with them to their nearby station and sat waiting for the delegation to arrive with the new official paper sworn out by the sergeant who had arrested him the day before. These pounced on him and hauled him to their patrol wagon as if they had caught him running to cover down an alley.

The charge now read, among other things, that he

> together with divers other evil-disposed persons to the number of twelve and more, whose names are to the said McTiernan unknown, unlawfully, riotously and routously did assemble and gather together, to the disturbance of the public peace, and being so then and there assembled and gathered together in and upon said McTiernan then and there unlawfully, riotously and routously did beat, wound and ill-treat, and other wrongs to the said McTiernan then and there unlawfully, riotously and routously did, against the law, peace and dignity of said Commonwealth.

The case against Hapgood on these charges, as developed in the Superior Court, hung altogether on official testimony —a licensing officer, the (*Continued on page* 472)

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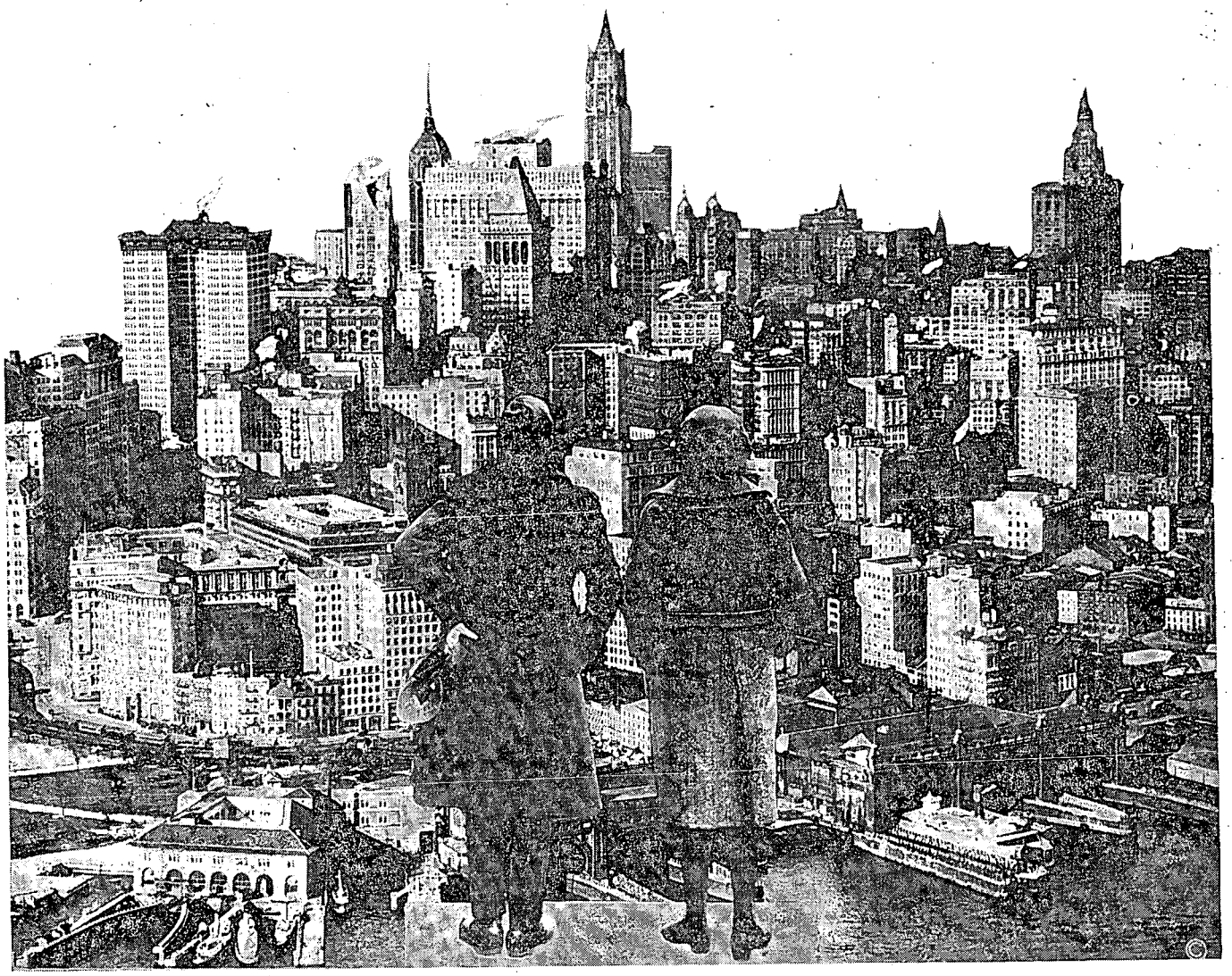

Babes in Skyscraper-land

By ELEANOR BOOTH SIMMONS

AGNES wants to run a tearoom and her parents insist she must study music; Harry wants to quit school and take a job—any job—because "In school you just spend your time readin' an' writin' an' what does that get you?"; Ray flunks three subjects a term in her academic high school course, and dreams through class and study hour, drawing dress designs on fly leaves and margins—

Every social worker, every teacher and many a parent is familiar with the bored or restless child who is only marking time till he can leave school. And nobody who looks with a seeing eye on the complex industrial and commercial life of a great city can help knowing that a great many workers do not care particularly for their jobs. They took the handiest job that offered, but they get no "kick" at all, to use their own word, out of the work they do; their joy in life they find outside working hours.

Some of these uninterested ones have a strong desire to be in a special trade or business or profession and some have marked native ability, but they see no way to change. Here is a graver national loss than cutting down forests or letting water power run to waste, for there is no wealth comparable to human power.

Granting that people are born with no brains and no stomach for study or work, and granting that there are also gifted people who will carve out a career in spite of every obstacle, it must be conceded that many vocational maladjustments are due to a mistaken use of the period of schooling. Where does the fault lie? Are city high schools too academic in character, too inelastic in program to respond to modern demands? Or is the trouble partly, at least, in the child's ignorance of what the schools offer and of his own needs?

During the past seven years the Vocational Service for Juniors, a privately financed organization, has carried on a demonstration of vocational guidance and placement in selected public schools in Manhattan Borough (New York City). It was organized in 1920 by a group of women who believed that schools would be much more helpful if children were helped more in the use of them. These women had been working through various small committees, which

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they merged in an organization with three activities: vocational guidance in schools, placement of junior job-hunters, and scholarships for children of exceptional ability who, without aid, would have to leave school early and go to work.

The placement work has been a compromise effort. These women do not approve of child labor, but they were forced to face its existence, and they thought it better for youngsters to work under careful guidance than to go seeking jobs "on their own." So placement bureaus were opened in connection with continuation schools, and through them counselors have directed many thousands of boys and girls into the best employment available for them, and persuaded many others who did not have to work to take further training before becoming wage-earners.

The scholarship branch has kept about one hundred gifted children a year in school. Its alumni now number over one thousand young people who are either making good at various trades and professions or working their way through college.

But it is in the vocational guidance work that we find the most and the clearest answers to the questions: How can the schools be made more useful to children? How can school experience be made a better preparation for adult life? This guidance work, designed as a demonstration to convince the Board of Education of the validity of the principle involved, was centered in eighth grade and junior high schools. For some years the organization had a staff of twenty-five experts, headed by Dr. Mary Holmes Stevens Hayes, a trained psychologist who has had wide experience in industrial personnel work.

In 1927 the Board of Education allowed $15,200 in its budget for salaries of vocational and placement counselors, and the same amount is included in the 1928 budget. So far only four counselors have been appointed; but at least educational guidance is now a recognized part of New York City's public school system.

The counselors in the schools have to know about occupations—the rewards and the requirements of the trades and professions open to young people and the preparation they require. They have to know all about New York City schools, particularly high schools and trade courses, and just where Jane and Johnny can find the special training they desire. They have to know how to get on with children, and how to get on with parents. The staff psychologist must go from school to school, giving intelligence tests, both group and individual. When a case comes up of an unusual child hampered by poverty, the scholarship branch helps out. Sometimes the cooperation of welfare agencies is requested. But the counselor's subject is guidance, a subject as distinct as English literature or mathematics or drawing.

FOR example, there was Ellen. Ellen was thirteen when the counselor first saw her. Her ambition was to be a trained nurse. The counselor called at Ellen's home one day, and what she heard there confirmed her belief that the girl had a real vocation. Ellen, said the mother, could handle the baby better than she could, and once when the baby had croup in the night and the doctor didn't come and she herself was fainting with fright, Ellen saved his life.

But the father scoffed at the nurse plan. Ellen was the oldest of five, and she must begin to earn at once. To be a nurse, that took too long. Two years at high school he could give her to learn bookkeeping and typewriting and then she should go to work in an office. Ellen was obedient, but hopeless, seeing no connection between a commercial course and the work she longed to do.

"Writing business letters and keeping books!" she exclaimed to the counselor next day. "My life won't mean anything."

"Take the two years in high school your father offers you," her friend advised. "When you go to an office position you can complete in evening school the high school work necessary for your nurse's training. Along with your business branches you must specialize in Latin and chemistry and other things a nurse needs. Your business training will be an asset to you as a nurse, especially if you should have a hospital position."

The girl took up her work with new heart. She has now finished two years in high school, and through the Vocational Service for Juniors has found work in a chemist's office. She attends evening school, and her father has consented to her entering a nurses' training school as soon as she is old enough.

GUSTAV is the son of a pickle-vendor, but has a soul for art, and hands to express it. One of the board of managers of the Vocational Service for Juniors came upon Gustav in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a very small, brown-eyed boy sitting in front of a very large Titian trying earnestly to put down its lights and shadows on a square of foolscap with a smudgy pencil. She looked at his drawing and saw that it was surprisingly good.

Gustav, it appeared, was going to school and learning "business," for his father, though only peddling pickles from a cart now, was saving money to start a store and Gustav must help him run it. "I shall not like that," the boy said. "I do not like the smell of pickles and cheese, and I do not like to sell things. I only like to draw."

A counselor, recently installed in Gustav's school, was requested to look him up. She learned that his teachers considered him hopeless. "Always drawing pictures," one of them said, "never getting his lessons—" It was a natural attitude for a busy, tired teacher, in charge of fifty swarming youngsters and burdened with the responsibility of getting a little learning into their heads. The counselor watched Gustav for a while, got an artist friend to look at some of his drawings, and went to see his father. She proposed transferring Gustav to a school where there happened to be an unusual art director. Craftily she enlarged upon the money that was made in wallpaper designing, in advertising and other forms of commercial art.

"And just think," she wound up, "what wonderful posters for your pickle store Gustav can draw when he becomes an artist!"

The father was not won over at once, but by the time Gustav graduated from grade school he consented to the counselor's plan. The boy is studying hard to acquire the broad educational background an artist needs, and the special subject on his school program is freehand drawing.

Somewhat similar was Rosina's case. She was destined for stenography, and accepted her fate with dull resignation until, one day, she heard the vocational counselor in her school give a talk on costume designing. After the talk, Rosina sought the counselor with a glowing face.

"I didn't know you could earn money drawing pictures of dresses," she exclaimed. "Just wait till I tell my father that! My father says artists just draw for pleasure."

The next day Rosina's father came to the school and

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spoke to the counselor. "It is true, then, that my girl can make-a the mon' with the pencil?" he asked with naïve astonishment. "Then me, I agree. I want my girl be happy, but me, I am poor man and bime-by my girl must hav-a the job."

That was five years ago. Rosina now has the necessary job with a successful dressmaker. She already makes thirty-five dollars a week, designing costumes, and she will soon be making much more.

John was an habitual truant. He had no parents and his hard-working aunt gave him a home. She had promised his mother to give him an education, and she was going to send him to DeWitt Clinton High School because she had heard that that is "where boys are made scholars of." She worked all day and part of the evening, and when she got home she was too tired to worry over John's poor record in grade school, or to be impressed by the truant officer's warnings.

Once when John had sneaked away from school the vocational counselor came on him, his face pressed to the window of a printing establishment, watching the presses.

"Would you like to be a printer?" she asked him.

"Sure I would!" he answered.

"Like to go to a school where you could learn printing?"

"Schools don't teach you how to print books, they only teach you how to read 'em," he answered. "I'm tired of readin' books. It don't get me anywhere."

The counselor explained to John that the Murray Hill Vocational School and some other schools teach printing and other mechanical arts. "I don't know how soon we could get you into one, for these courses are in great demand, but I think we could manage it if your aunt consents. But remember that you must first graduate from grade school and you must be well up in English and arithmetic."

John decided that there was something in education after all. He attended school with fair regularity, graduated, and won his aunt's assent to a vocational course. Soon he was earning his way by working at night and in vacation time as a printer's devil. He is a union compositor now, earning good wages.

May was the youngest child in a family which cherished the college tradition. The father was a university graduate, and though his diploma has not brought him much he was bound to send his daughters to college. With tragic effort and sacrifice he put the elder ones through, and they became teachers. But May was a different proposition. She did badly in the academic course in high school, and her teachers reported her "absolutely uninterested."

ONE day the counselor called at May's home and found her happily at work in the kitchen making a cake. May's face was eager and animated. This was not the bored, rebellious child the counselor had seen at school. "She's always happy when she's cooking," the mother said. "Crazy about it since she was a little girl. She can get up a better meal than most women."

"Why not make a professional cook of her?" asked the counselor.

"Her father wouldn't hear of it. We've always been scholars."

"There are many good scholars, but very few good cooks, and a cook's work is much better paid," the counselor said. "Besides, don't you want May to be happy?" It was that last plea that, in time, brought over the father. May was transferred to a course in home economics in high school. Now she is taking a course in Teachers College. There is every promise that she will have a busy, full life, but her teacher sisters are still a little ashamed of her.

In June, 1925, the Board of Superintendents in the report of a committee appointed to study the demonstration of the Vocational Service for Juniors, stated:

> Our high schools are now offering diversified courses to fit the needs and abilities of children . . . but many pupils are bewildered by the complexity of the high school organization. The bewilderment would be lessened had they received adequate guidance before entering high school. But pupils cannot depend for guidance on the individual teacher, who is so occupied with his own subject that he has not the time or the outlook properly to guide pupils. High school principals are unanimously in favor of educational guidance in junior high schools, which will diminish the problem of pupil adjustment. The demonstration which has been carried on in our schools is too valuable to be allowed to discontinue. . . .

THE Vocational Service for Juniors, having served its purpose of impressing the Board of Education with the importance of education guidance, has reduced its staff. Dr. Hayes is still at the main office, one placement bureau operating, one vocational counselor continues to function in a junior high school and the Scholarship Committee is as active as it ever was.

How closely the city will follow the methods of the Vocational Service for Juniors in its guidance work is of course problematical. The organization, since it was conducting a demonstration, did the job intensively. But it was found that one counselor handled successfully between 2,000 and 2,500 children, on which basis the organization calculates that forty-two guidance counselors would take care of the needs of the junior high school pupils of New York.

Neither Dr. Hayes nor the board of managers claims that forty-two counselors or forty-two hundred would make our public schools perfect. The system has its flaws and its weaknesses, but it is earnestly trying to meet the countless demands of the young lives it is designed to serve. Two years ago the Vocational Service for Juniors published a book called Opportunities for Vocational Training in New York City. The list of schools and the vast variety of subjects taught is impressive, but it is further proof that the school system of a great modern city is too complex for any young person to find his way around in it without a guide. Children with definite ability and ambition—Anna who wants to dance, Fred who "makes up music," Eric, who "tinkers machines"—are apt to feel themselves caught in an unmeaning treadmill when school offers them only an academic routine. Equally the child with no pronounced "bent" may drift through school without finding anything that gives him a clue to what he wants to make of his life.

Do you remember The Chart inside the cover of your old adventure book, The Chart that led The Boy and his friends safely through seas and clustered islands and woods and swamps and hunger and despair to The Place where lay hidden golden doubloons and pieces of eight? The Vocational Service for Juniors believes that its seven years of work prove that it is necessary and that it is possible to put in the hands of these eager young adventurers a map of the country, a chart which will encourage and help them as they front the problems and the opportunities of this complex modern world.

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Through Neighbors' Doorways

A Department Devoted to Affairs Commonly Called "Foreign"

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

ONCE upon a time, long ago and in a Certain Place, all the neighborhood turned out to pray for rain. The farmers and their families drove in from near and far.

In the midst of the big crowd, from Gilboa and Cayro, Smith's Corners, Potter's Hollow and other places too numerous to mention, came one person that made everybody else stare, and laugh.

A little girl with an umbrella!

"Land's sakes, child," several people said to her, "what in time air you doin' with that thing? Ain't been a drop o' rain in eight weeks, an' looks like they ain't never goin' to be another."

"Don't pay no attention to her," said others, with glum looks. "She's only tryin' to git herself talked about; or to make this here solemn meetin' look ridiculous."

The little girl, clinging to her umbrella, looked puzzled.

"I thought we was going to pray for rain," she said. "Maybe God might answer before we could get home."

Obviously, it was a case for the pastor, who smiled indulgently as he said:

"Of course we have faith that He will answer our prayers . . . if it be His holy will. But—"

"I see," said the little girl, looking with a perhaps more practical eye at her superfluous umbrella. "I see. *Then faith is believing what you know ain't so!*"

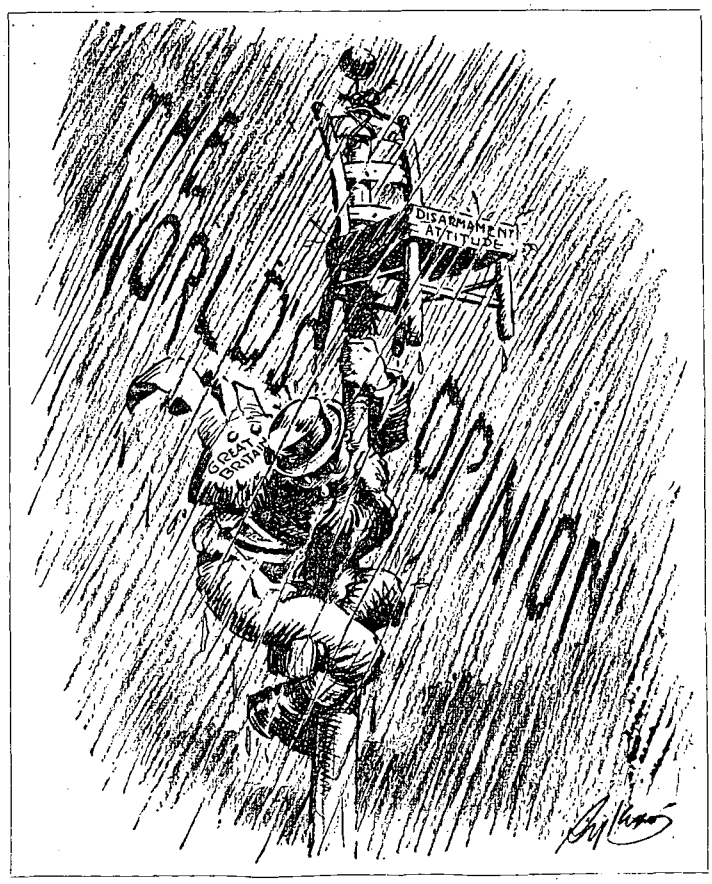
CHARACTERISTICally, the first thing those impossible Russians did upon arriving at the long-heralded meeting of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva was to propose some disarmament. Or, as you might say if you used the vernacular, *some* disarmament! Fancy—at an international disarmament conference, proposing international disarmament! They can't be sincere; they must be, like the little girl with the umbrella, doing it only to get themselves talked about, "or to make this here solemn meetin' look ridiculous."

They only do it to annoy,
Because they know it teases.

International mischief-makers, tweaking the nose of capitalism at its prayers. Business of indignation. You could have said in advance that, as at the event it was described in Raymond G. Swing's dispatch, the commission would "hear Litvinov in silence;" that after offering his resolution embodying his magnificent absurdity, he would "sit down unapplauded."

At this writing, in the last moment before these words go to the printer, the delegates—the whole world in fact—are still gasping at the sheer mischievous impudence of the Russian prank. By the time you are reading this, the more or less reliable news dispatches will have informed you about the various kinds of reaction to the cherubic-faced Litvinov's suggestion that the way to disarm is to disarm. Simple enough:

Disband all armies, scrap all navies, destroy all fortifications, suppress and prohibit all military training and military propaganda, abolish all military power, and call a world conference next March to give effect to this determination.



Sykes in New York Evening Post

"It wasn't comfortable, anyhow!"

IT COULDN'T be on on the level. And it wasn't on the level. Steeped to the ears in blood; its very existence dependent upon the ruthless suppression, by wholesale butchery of every form of opposition, the Soviet government is no more entitled to point fingers of scorn at capitalist militarism, or to call for the universal abolition of physical force than Nicholas II, whom they slaughtered with his wife and children, was in 1899 to blather about peace from behind the largest army in the world. As an immediate program, or any program at all, the Russian proposal is not to be taken seriously, even as a gesture. It was not the expression of any childish naïveté — Litvinov is no little-girl-with-an-umbrella — the chief intent clearly was "to make this here solemn meetin' look ridiculous."

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RIDICULOUS it is, without need of the Russian jazz. Ridiculous as would be a prohibition meeting consisting chiefly of bar-tenders. Every bar-tender knows that booze is dangerous stuff, and that a man is better off if he lets it alone; but "business is business," and—"I have to live, don't I?" Even if the nations believed in disarmament (which they do not), the personnel of the Geneva conference is not such as to effectuate that belief. Aside from the preponderant cynicism of the politicians, every one of the important delegations to that conference has at its core a nucleus of military and naval experts, regarded as authorities on this subject. From which of these do you expect now, or ever, bona fide recommendations, or even assent, looking to the abolition or even serious curtailment of their trade? And behind them, back home, is in virtually every case a government, and behind the government a people, inspired by fear of the neighbors. Nor is the fear without occasion.

THE main commission is now adjourned until March. Meanwhile a sub-commission on "Security" will buckle down to the real subject, the subject which underlies the whole question of world peace, to which disarmament is secondary. Abolish weapons, but leave the fundamental causes of conflict, and groups of any size, or individuals, will fight with teeth and finger-nails. Almost any instrument of peaceful industry or domestic life, a pitchfork, a skillet, a mere hat-pin, may become a deadly weapon. When neighbors are friends, disposed to discuss their differences in amicable fashion, it matters little what collection of dust-gathering weapons may be in either house.

THE outstanding fact about the Geneva conference is that the Commission on Security has at its head Eduard Benes (pronounced approximately *Bénesh*), foreign minister of Czechoslovakia. Picture a little, slender man about the size of Calvin Coolidge, with sincerity written all over him and shining out of his eyes; canny enough, understanding all the ins-and-outs of European politics; scarred in his soul with personal suffering for his convictions in the old bad days when Bohemia lived under the heel of Austria-Hungary. Canny and "then some"—an incorrigible idealist with a sense of humor and without practical illusions. Americans love and have a scattering of men—and women, too—who can go into a hopelessly riotous quarrel and somehow manage to pacify it; somehow come out leaving both sides laughing and shaking hands. And satisfied, each with what he got because he knows it is right—as nearly right as can be had. Wise, charming and on the level—that's Benes.

NEARLY two years ago, writing from Geneva about the then pending Geneva Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes (subsequently anaesthetized at least for the time being by Austen Chamberlain upon his first appearance in the League Council as representative of the British Tory Government), I said:

> Write at the top of the first page of your little book about the Protocol, and keep it there, this formula:
> *France will not disarm by so much as one bean-blower, without guarantees of security.* . . . France has had experience with pious expressions. . . . The collateral must be marketable, and on short notice.

This formula is still perfectly good, not only for France, but for every one of the nations of Europe. Except Denmark. Denmark, by the way, awhile ago, came to the conclusion that no army or armament that she could afford could defend her against aggression; so she chucked the whole business, and is now patently helpless—and safe! As safe as Switzerland. Maybe safer.

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Benes—"wise, canny little man, and on the level"

All the treaties of mutual protection and defense which of late have been re-creating the old network of "balanced" powers in Europe—between France and Poland and small mid-European nations; between Italy and Albania, and so on—are in the supposed interest of security. Not even Germany seriously thinks about the western boundaries created by the Versailles Treaty; but everybody is scared to death about those to the east, affecting Poland, Lithuania, Rumania, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Greece. And they are scared about them because they know they are not *right*. The fuse which still sputters in the European powder-mill runs, as it has run since the Congress of Vienna, down that wretched line of force-established boundary-lines, from the Baltic to Constantinople. As long as it is maintained by force and balances-of-power, it will menace the peace of the world. The moment a way is established for discussing, readjusting, composing these boundaries and meeting other questions, old and new, on the basis of truth and justice—*right* which fair-minded persons of good will can see and recognize, all parties will be ready to discuss and act upon projects of disarmament. And not until then.

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THE problems involved are enormously intricate and difficult. In every particular case, all sides—for in most of them there are not two sides but many—have much to be said for them; every one of them is the heritage of a history going back to times beyond either memory or records. Just because the peoples involved are relatively backward and unsophisticated, tradition and sentiment play an immensely important part in the psychology of the situation; clever and mostly corrupt leadership capitalizes these things under captions and slogans of racial antipathy, of pseudo-patriotism, sometimes of religion, just as occasionally—of course only occasionally!—it does in these heaven-enlightened United States of America.

It is in that sub-commission on Security, under the presidency of that wise-little-man-on-the-level Eduard Benes, that the business, if any, of the present international disarmament conference will be initiated. Meanwhile, let the Russians wave their blood-stained umbrella. It doesn't mean anything practical; but it may be a useful thing to have had somebody register Bogey for this game. Nor is it without significance that Germany, hitherto the Bad Boy of militarism, pretty effectively disarmed after the debauch of 1914-19, backs up Russia in the demand for complete disarmament. Germany, still pallid and virtuous-minded as any old soak is likely to be after a big drunk and a season in jail, sitting after the riot in the ruins of her house and fortunes, with a whale of a debt to pay—at the best of it she will be a long time getting into shape, even if she had the desire, to get back into the expensive game in which she lost the very shirt off her back.

MEANWHILE also, the outstanding things in the world are the penitence of Great Britain over the fiasco of the naval disarmament conference, and the decision of the Mexican Supreme Court, declaring unconstitutional—under their own constitution, mind you—the legislation which was the major cause of the straining of relations between Mexico and the United States. Both of these developments are of most propitious augury.

In the case of Great Britain, it blares out of the situation like a fish-horn in a symphony concert—or like the little girl with the umbrella among the smug-faced prayers for rain—that the hard-boiled naval experts, however much they may have represented the Tory cabinet, did not represent the real spirit and intent of the people of Great Britain. Viscount Cecil, resigning in disgust from that cabinet, much more truly represented them. Those in our country who affect to believe that the British determination to forego their authorized program of warship construction is merely a ruse to lull the United States into helplessness are talking nonsense, and most of them know it.

BEHIND all the tumult of talk, buncombe and sincere, lies the persistent fact that it is within the power of four nations to throttle war in the world. Without the open or tacit consent and participation, direct or indirect, or both, of Great Britain, Germany, Russia and the United States, controlling the production and the storehouses of war-material, no war on any appreciable scale could last ninety days. Italy, with all her truculent swashbuckling yammer, could not wage a respectable war against anybody for two weeks without the consent and providing participation of one or more of these. Neither could France or Japan, Sweden, Norway, Belgium or Holland; Turkey or Mexico. China—unthinkable. Whence the food, coal, oil, chemical products?

Be what they may the sincerity and merits of Russia's present flamboyant gesture, the fact remains that without Russia's cooperation, any move or agreement about world peace is, to say the least, inadequate—in degree only less than without that of the United States.

The truth is, however, that as things lie now, the United States and Great Britain together could prevent any war—if together they chose to do so. Herein if no otherwise, roots the criminal folly of efforts to embitter relations between these two.

Now, the thing that palsies the hands of well-intending European nations as regards signing pledges to restrain or punish aggressor nations is the fear—almost the certainty—that the United States would insist upon the "neutral" right to continue supplying the culprit with the resources indispensable to his aggression. No matter what our protestations of pious intention; notwithstanding individual support of the "cause of peace," or munificent personal gifts, the rest of the world has somehow gained the impression that in matters international we are motivated principally from the wallet.

NOBODY fears aggression by the United States, and no nation not bent upon suicide will attack the United States. We are not concerned in any question of security. Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, committed to the support of the Briand proposal to "outlaw war," represents a body of American opinion and feeling far more widespread and deep-seated than his opponents probably suppose. This sentiment may make itself effectively felt during the present session of Congress. The term of office of thirty-two of the ninety-six members of the Senate of the United States is drawing to a close; sixty-four of them will lie at the mercy of public approval within the next two years. Thirty-two pairs of attentive ears are bent groundward. Thirty-two more will listen to any noise significant of the ballot-box. Only one-third of the Senators have the full six years of expectation of political life conducive to temporary "courage of his convictions," if any.

President Butler told the Foreign Policy Association on December 3 that seventy-five Senators were ready to vote for the Capper resolution outlawing war as an instrument of American international policy—provided it could be got out of committee. Congressman Burton of Ohio fathers a joint resolution designed to prohibit the export of arms and war-material to any "aggressor" state—by that meaning a state which opens hostilities without exhausting the possibilities of mediation and arbitration. In both houses of Congress these resolutions would be reported and adopted if the people demanded them in unmistakable terms. This is an extraordinarily favorable time to impress these gentlemen whose political breath is so near to being in their nostrils. Now is the time to be unmistakable. Paper and postage are cheap, the dictionary is full of words, and the mails are open.

The adoption of either or both of these resolutions would speak louder in the ears of the world-neighborhood than all the prayers for peace between now and the millennium. It would give reality to "this here solemn meetin'," afford a corner-stone for the world's security, and make Litvinov's "umbrella" look like a doll's parasol.

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EDITORIALS

IN his message to Congress, President Coolidge said of the Army engineers' plan of Mississippi flood control by means of levees and floodways: "It is true of course that the troublesome waters do not originate on the land to be reclaimed, but it is also true that such waters have a right of way through that section of the country, and the land there is charged with that easement. It is the land of this section that is to be benefited." There spoke a thrifty man brought up on a Yankee farm. The very same facts have led the men of the Mississippi bottom lands to precisely the opposite conclusion: The waters of more than thirty states cannot be denied their mutual outlet; but the damage they do cannot fairly be charged to those whom they injure; the whole people, through the federal government, should pay the bill for chaperoning the waters through the Delta and seeing to it that they do not go on a bust on the property of a neighbor.

The President submitted to Congress a plan of flood control prepared by the chief of the Army Engineer Corps, General Jadwin, which calls for a total expenditure of $296,400,000. Of this the government is to pay four-fifths and the people of the affected states one-fifth. That is a smaller proportion for the southerners than the present ratio of two-thirds and one-third, but it means a great amount of money to be raised by taxes in a stricken district.

The plan is not to build the present levees higher, but to strengthen them and to follow nature in providing lateral floodways, or spillways, so that when a great spring flood comes down it may be carried to the gulf by a number of parallel courses, as it was before the artificial levees were built and the natural spillways were closed. The floodways should greatly strengthen the position of the states on the lower river. But nothing is to be done for the present on the tributaries, where the floods chiefly rise. The plan makes no provision for reservoirs and has no direct effect on navigation. It leaves untouched those larger questions of soil and forests which all conservationists have hoped that the government would undertake at this time when the public could be made to see that they are intimately related to flood control and a time, too, when the federal treasury is in condition to be called upon for large expenditures for social projects long before the investment begins to bring in a return.

Just a year ago General Jadwin predicted that the levee system had solved the problem of floods. Now, at the end of a hectic year, he flings another prophecy in the face of fate and the rainfall: "Should Divine Providence ever send a flood of the maximum predicted by meteorological and flood experts as a remote probability, but not beyond the bounds of ultimate possibility, the floodways provided in the [present] plan are still normally adequate for its passage without having its predicted heights exceed those of the strengthened levees." The people who live below water-level in the Delta have a rooted conviction that Divine Providence will indeed send another flood. Their confidence in this new but incomplete plan would have been greater if the prophecy had been made by another engineer—President Morgan of Antioch College, for instance, whose flood-control plans for another river have the unique distinction of having prevented floods.

HARDY perennial in the Congressional season is the attempt of someone or other to legislate the federal Children's Bureau into obscurity or even complete annihilation, though just why this comparatively inexpensive and extremely busy little bureau should be the recipient of so much adverse male attention has yet to be satisfactorily explained; perhaps on psychological grounds. This session's attack is foreshadowed in a statement recently published in the Boston Transcript, in which Congressman A. Piatt Andrew expresses again the irritation which he embodied last spring in a bill and in his discussion on the floor of the House: the Children's Bureau, he declared in substance, is a duplication of existing governmental agencies; its appropriations have increased from $32,000 in 1913 to some forty times that amount; the "agitators" installed in it wanted to meddle with the divine rights of the states; and all in all, it should be transferred, lock, stock and barrel, to the United States Public Health Service, though the secretary of labor should be authorized to collect and publish statistics on some of the subjects now under its jurisdiction, such as juvenile courts, desertion, employment, and legislation in the states as they affect children. It seems not to have reached Mr. Andrew's ears that the surgeon-general had expressed some embarrassment at the idea of having such a baby laid on his doorstep, declaring a few weeks before this bill was introduced that "the Public Health Service certainly would not be the appropriate place for the Children's Bureau taken as a whole."

Now, in reporting his convictions, Mr. Andrew offers two suggestions for the expenditure of the saving that might be effected by this change of custody: we need "a considerable number of new cruisers," and we must also, at once, see to the publication of the war records, at present contained on perishable wood-pulp paper. To be sure, he suggests another source of national revenue by shifting certain imports from the free list, to meet new industrial situations,

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especially that of the tanning industry. Without straining personalities too far, it may be mentioned that Mr. Andrew is a bachelor, that he was an impassioned participant in the World War both before and after the entrance of the United States, and received both French and American decorations for distinguished service, and that his district in Massachusetts, the granite foe of the Sheppard-Towner Act for maternity and infancy, is rich in tanneries.

There remains, however, his doubt of the need and serviceability of the Children's Bureau. To anyone who shares that doubt, we recommend its fifteenth annual report, which just has come from the press, detailing with impressive statistics and supporting explanations its complicated work in investigation, research, and education to promote the well-being of children and mothers. Not the least impressive aspect of the report, especially from the point of view of "federal interference" which seems to be Mr. Andrew's quarrel, is the fact that so much of its work was undertaken at the request of state and local groups, both official and voluntary, for information which they felt they could obtain in no other way; that its methods as well as its spirit have been unfailingly cooperative, that its present resources are totally inadequate to meet the demands made upon it. It is quite unable, for example, to provide the kind of consultation service offered without criticism by the Department of Agriculture; its printing fund is insufficient to meet the demands for its literature.

Before the hue and cry as to duplication and wasteful expenditure begins to echo again down marble halls, might it not be well to examine again the facts of studies and services that consider the health, the play, the work and the morals of millions of actual children, whose needs and potentialities are recognized in no other coordinated way in the whole machine of federal government.

THE breath of practical life was breathed into the proposals of prison reformers in the recent address of Governor Alfred E. Smith before the New York State Crime Commission. A sensible, modern, up-to-date plan, the governor said, would include the establishment of a clearing-house to which all convicted felons would be sent before sentence. This would give time for a careful study of them as individuals and decision could then be made as to whether they belonged in state hospitals for the insane or in a penal institution. Judges and juries would decide only upon guilt or innocence. The sentencing power would be in the hands of a board composed of psychiatrists, physicians, lawyers and others of unimpeachable character, who should be paid salaries of at least $25,000 a year. The actual sentence would be imposed by this board after careful study of each offender. Such a radical change in procedure would probably require a constitutional amendment, and the governor proposed that the New York State Crime Commission devote its time this year to a study of the subject and the arousing of public opinion to the need for it. The chairman of the commission has already agreed to ask the legislature for an appropriation for next year so that this study may be made. Fully worked out, the plan might cost a million dollars a year, the governor said, but that amount would be trivial compared with the social benefits.

Governor Smith also made important recommendations regarding parole and probation. He would like to see a demonstration made of what parole could do in New York State. He advocated establishing a parole commission consisting of the commissioner of corrections, the warden of the prison in which the prisoner is incarcerated, and a third, full-time, well-paid parole commissioner at a salary of $10,000 a year with a deputy at $6,000. A beginning might be made with twelve or fifteen parole officers at a minimum salary of $3,000 a year—men having special qualifications for the work. While believing that probation is a legal function closely allied to the judicial system, he recommended that the present State Probation Commission be retained and its powers enlarged to see what could be done in the next year or two in raising the standards of probation work throughout New York State.

STATISTICS of deaths often suggest, but they rarely prove anything. The trend of rates gives excellent leads to follow, but it leaves the answer still in the field of probability and not among the foundation stones of certainty. Just so in the perennial discussion of our "contentious fluid," the most loved and best hated of drinks. Figures show that among more than than half of all our people—women under 35 and all the youth and children of the land—there has been a definite acceleration of the drop in death-rates since 1920. Particularly among tots under five years do the death trends make a sharp dip at 1920 and toboggan downwards through 1926. Among men, however, better death-rates in pre-prohibition times have halted or have actually been turned to loss in the later decades of life, after 40 years.

At the recent annual meetings of the American Public Health Association the riddle was answered similarly by both statisticians and social workers from direct observations: Mr. Man, especially he of the unmarried, confirmed bachelor age, the man who chooses to drink in defense of personal liberty, gets stronger and often more dangerous firewater than before, and when he does he plays the hog because it is so long between drinks nowadays. The family, particularly mother and the youngsters, have been enjoying a rare freedom to eat what they need, to be warmly clad, to live in better homes, to have a bit more recreation, and to postpone a year or two the start of the big boys and girls out of school and into industry. So narrow is the margin of the wage-earner between sufficiency and sickness that when the 10 per cent of his earnings which used to buy beer and whiskey, goes to food, rent, clothing, and holidays, the family most admirably thrives. Louis I. Dublin gave the numerical expression of facts out of Census Bureau and life insurance experience, while Haven Emerson raked the records of social workers "whose word carries" and, according to Martha B. Bruère, "these are as reliable as statistics . . . and possibly more so." And at the Cincinnati meeting, instead of a Donnybrook fair there was something approaching the calm of scientific honesty, broken into only by the fantasies of one physician who dealt out pre-glacial physiology to post-war health officers. Has public health benefited by prohibition? On the whole, yes. Q. E. D.

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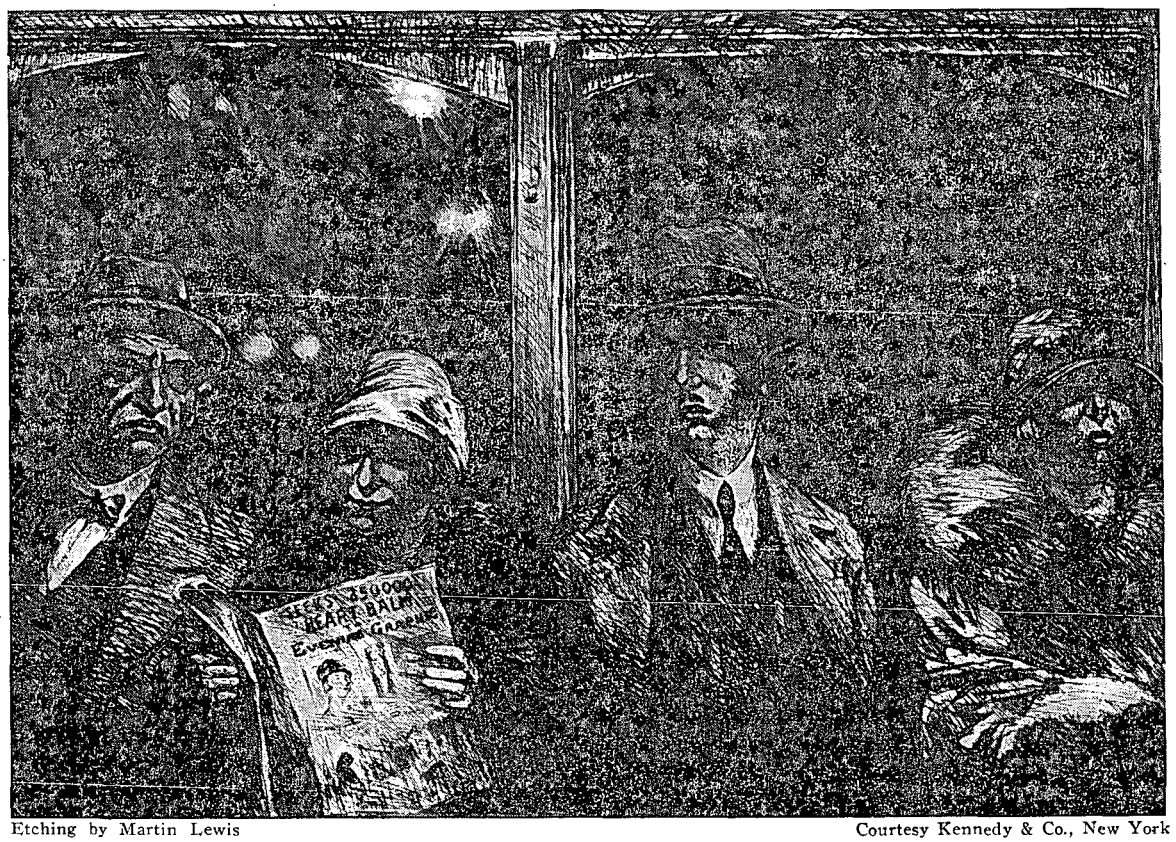
Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE



Etching by Martin Lewis — Courtesy Kennedy & Co., New York

Tabloid Readers

The Print Mind

BALLYHOO, *by Silas Bent. Boni & Liveright. 398 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
MONEY WRITES! *By Upton Sinclair. A. & C. Boni. 227 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
FREE-LANCING FOR FORTY MAGAZINES, *by Edward Mott Woolley. Writer Publishing Co. 320 pp. Price $5.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

BALLYHOO is good Irish for a ruction—the kind they had at Ballyhooly, County Cork. In these states it now means the tumult and shouting of a barker before a side-show to draw a crowd. Silas Bent has seized on the word as a label for the excitedly trivial or violently sensational or falsely inflated news and "features" that our newspapers increasingly print to draw vast crowds of readers so they may charge high rates to advertisers who seek to sell wares to these crowds. He bluntly charges that ballyhoo is now "the voice of the press," created by the "giants of war, machine production, and a public school system." His book is a bitter attack on certain forces in modern journalism, but it is not conventional muck-raking; there is a sometimes strident anger, but little viciousness toward men or even papers. It is rich in facts, most of which are already familiar to journalists who follow their trade papers. Scarcely a problem or trend in our journalism escapes Mr. Bent, so whether you agree with all his criticism or not you will admit that Ballyhoo is an able and often penetrating survey of a giant force in civilization.

This is not layman's criticism. Mr. Bent is a reformed journalist who has practised his profession on important papers and taught its principles in schools. His expertness is obvious: what is the title Ballyhoo but ballyhoo? His chapter heads betray the smartness of the caption writer in Goose-stepping for the Administration or The Butter and Egg Man of the News. We are, in fact, a ballyhoolish race.

But smartness of style cannot lessen the weight of Mr. Bent's thesis which, though unstated in the book runs thus: The commercial exploitation of ballyhoo news, the reckless invasion of privacy, and the provision of vaudeville entertainment have seduced the press from its ancient ideal of serving as a discoverer and recorder of facts on which we can base democratic opinion and action, and as a defender

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of the people against governmental and economic injustice. Thus it has become lax in uncovering and reporting news of grave social import because such service is both dangerous and unremunerative. One chapter pictures the emasculation of the Washington correspondent; another the decay of the art of reporting because the dividend-seeking publisher is quite willing to let his inadequate staff of underpaid reporters take the easiest way, namely, that of getting "hand-outs" of "canned news" from interested sources; and a third on the interventions of the publicity agent. Mr. Bent believes that over 50 per cent of our news now arises from interested sources, but he wisely distinguishes between the trivial puffery of the press agent or the machiavellian propaganda of the "counsellor on public relations," and the extremely valuable interpretation of the news of science or social progress by publicity directors.

The cause of these failures is that the newspaper has become big business. It has vast investments; it issues securities that must pay dividends; it seeks to cut costs by the standardization of everything from comic strips to print-paper sizes; it belongs to "chains" wherefrom are reaped the economies of mass production and low overhead. The advertisers pay sometimes as high as nine-tenths of the revenue of a paper; and they demand sometimes as high as three-fourths of the available space, with 60 per cent the general average. Now, as one big business they can tell any other big business where to go if it seeks to dictate in the news columns. But as part of big business, the press plays the game. It seeks circulation with a fiery zeal, for circulation is what advertisers buy. It has become money conscious. The chapter on advertising develops this part of the thesis. There is also a sympathetic study of the Scripps-Howard chain in which Mr. Bent finds much to praise because it has fought for labor and is still crusading against evil forces in our political life. Chains do, says the author, stifle competition, encourage standardized stuff, and threaten a monopoly control of printing; but they also attain a joint financial independence that enables them to fight local money powers.

Now for the important conclusions from this not altogether novel picture of our press. The claims of the newspaper press to a priestly status because of its social services are no longer real, if they ever were. If it is chiefly devoted to money-making and the purveying of entertainment and ballyhoo for profit, then pretensions to priestliness are ridiculous. The public finds them so, and has become indifferent to protecting the freedom of the press. It is not interested in the invasions of press freedom by the government or courts, or the quarrel between the newspapers and the radio. The newspaper must fight its way, as do other businesses. This forces the final question: does this particular business deserve the protections of the first amendment or the government subsidy of a second-class mail privilege? Mr. Bent's final challenge is to the press itself, for it is threatened with a withdrawal of privileges and the imposition of new censorships. What does it expect to do?

This book is clearly a serious study, though it is bright with piquant incidents and slashing attacks. It is lop-sided because it does not emphasize the really remarkable services of the press in covering the routine news of the world and in lending a helping hand to such causes as health, education, and governmental reform. It does not put a fair share of the evils on the public and on the things in our life that create the public. The influence of the new leisure in recasting some of the contents of the newspaper as entertainment is not mentioned. We wish there were more apprehension of final causes, such as Mr. Bent displays in his words respecting the tabloids: "Satisfying instinctive appetites, and fitting neatly into the scheme of industrialized democracy, they are a natural flowering of modern journalism. They are the daily printed folk-lore of the factory age."

We feel, too, that the author stopped short of certain final questions to both papers and readers: Should the press, any more than the schools or the church, expect to make profits? If it does make profits, is there now an honest division between the proprietors and the working journalist? Do we pay enough to get good reporters and protect them from bribery or seduction into more remunerative professions? Do the papers provide staffs big enough and able enough to dig out real news, such as the Teapot Dome scandal? Can readers ask much more so long as they allow themselves to be pauperized by the advertisers although they of course finally but indirectly pay the bill?

Spirituals sung over the murdered stevedore in Porgy:

"Teck dis man an' gone, gone,
Deat' ain't yuh gots no shame?"

UPTON SINCLAIR enforces the same idea of the printing-press as a strictly legal mint. Developing the concept of economic determinism in literature that he put forward in historical form in Mammonart, he comes down to date. He attacks not the publishers, but the authors, both magazine and bookmen, and claims that they have sold out whatever talents they possessed for the easy money to be made by writing romantic piffle, ivory-tower

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sensuousness, or subtle defenses of the economic status quo. He lays about him right and left, naming names from James Branch Cabell to Edward Arlington Robinson, and developing a special hymn of hate for George Horace Lorimer and the debilitating effect of The Saturday Evening Post. He is often acute, diabolically right in many an analysis of an over-stuffed reputation, and full of choice bits of gossip. He believes that many a tired radical now licks the hand he once bit, and that the writers of today can glimpse the muses only when clad in cloth of gold.

There is the usual addition of personal sauce—an amusing section on his own adventures in breaking down the Boston censorship on Oil! and many recounted interludes between Sinclair and his fellow craftsmen whose ways he would reform. There is also the artful selection of material that proves the thesis with seemingly unconscious omissions of evidence on the other side. But so much of what Mr. Sinclair says is true, and all of what he writes is so freshly conceived and humanly amusing that the book is both useful and stimulating. Our case cannot be quite so bad as he declares, but it is none too good, and if you have indigestion from too rich a diet of publishers' blurbs and back-scratching criticism, here is a tart antidote.

MR. WOOLLEY'S book on free-lancing might be exhibit A for the above prosecution. Here is a man who has opened his oysters with a pen. He knows about writing for a living; he has been reporter, engineer of a fiction syndicate, and now celebrates a record of one thousand articles or stories for forty magazines. He was one of Mr. Lorimer's writers for The Post—but scarcely had his literary career ruined thus for he never aspired to a literary career. He has done useful and honest work in which he has the self-made man's pride, and the net wisdom of the book is that "the average young writer fails because he lacks a selling plan." He himself succeeded because of "the industry and strategy" he displayed in getting through the editorial doors. This is not a glorious revelation of the literary life, but it is so honest that it proves what a pessimistic friend told Sinclair: "These authors are not forced. They write what they want to write." They are not mute Miltons, but, as their chosen title of "free-lance" shows, mercenaries, sometimes even on the side of the angels.

LEON WHIPPLE

What Price Spirituals?

CATFISH ROW in the Negro quarter of Charleston, South Carolina, is a far cry from Broadway. Life has a different rhythm there where the blue sea lies in wait for fisher-craft, where magnolias drench the moon, and where Negroes toil by day and gamble and love by night. Emotions are white-hot in Catfish Row, and death waiting. That is why Negroes sing spirituals. What else can they do but sing? Who cares but Jesus?

In Porgy, by DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, the Theatre Guild has tried to stage the tragic-gay pageant of Catfish Row, and succeeded so well that those who know Negro life in the South are moved to tears by certain scenes, notably that one wherein these vagabonds, who for a moment like pilgrims between dawn and night, dwell in this ruined tenement, sing spirituals over the bed of the murdered stevedore while the funeral money tinkles into the saucer to keep his corpse "fr'm goin' to de students." The pitiful chorus swells and giant shadows rise as the singers sway athwart the lamp—shadows that might have come from the jungle,

ON *leading the Kojacs to water* . . .

Birth gave Mrs. Kojac sod-hut ideas of cleanliness. So she grudges the energy required to maintain American standards.

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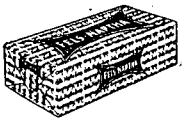

FELS-NAPTHA

© 1928, Fels & Co. THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

AN ERROR!

¶ In the Christmas issue of the Survey, there appeared an illustrated page of art objects sponsored by the **Art Colony Industries,** *America's leading metal craftsmen,* 34 Union Square, New York City.
¶ Through an oversight, the advertisement did not state that parcels post charges would be paid to any part of the U. S. on all orders for $5.00 or more.
¶ All orders could be shipped within 24 hours of receipt of same.
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¶ Special discount to clubs and institutions.
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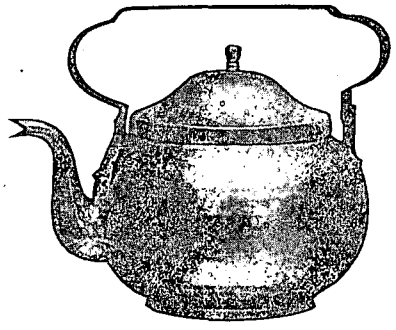

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Tickets at $2.50 may be obtained at League for Industrial Democracy, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Admission to balcony at 8:30, $1.00. For information regarding Students' Conference of L. I. D., New York City, December 28-30, 1927, write Harry W. Laidler, Executive Director of the L. I. D.

or hell itself. And Broadway knows a moment of genuine emotion.

But here as elsewhere in the play, the theater betrays the Negro; his tragedy needs no symbolic shadow-shapes. The pitiful petitions of the spirituals are enough. This betrayal is plain again in the plot, for it swings on elemental emotions and raw violence that are true enough of certain kinds of Negroes, but when put on the stage these things suffer a change into high-pitched and unmotivated melodrama. That is why the pictorial local color and race revelations are the most significant parts of the play. As a tragedy of persons, Porgy is not great, though the cripple is full of a gallant wistfulness to be loved, admirably suggested by Frank Wilson, and Crown's Bess struggles to escape the nemesis of race and her own weakness. But as a swift, rowdy pageant the drama is vividly amusing and shot through with bitter understanding and racial veracity.

The Guild calls Porgy a folk play, and the name is deserved. Indeed, it is so full of rich American folk-life that it blunts the frequent charge that the Guild has done little for native themes. Here it has worked a miracle. For consider the ironic fact that Porgy is from a novel by a white Southerner about Charleston Negroes, and is produced by a group of continental and Jewish tradition, acted by Negroes from Harlem, and directed by a Russian-Armenian, Reuben Mamoulian by name. The acting is the most satisfying any Negro company has ever done; for here the cast talk their own idiom and move to native rhythms. Wesley Hill, as the captain of the doomed fisherman, is quintessential Negro.

Propaganda is mercifully absent. The problem is not of Negro and whites, but of the Negro and his soul. True, if you know (and only those who already know will catch all the overtones in Porgy), the clangor of the ambulance gong and of the Black Maria reverberate meaning. The white man comes to carry off the sick or to jail the criminal —in short, only when he is afraid. He is the law, and as such he is met with bland protestations of ignorance. But his vices and his conventions come to Catfish Row. Doesn't Sporting Life have cocaine in his hat and hootch on his hip? And doesn't the charlatan Negro lawyer sell divorce at a dollar the shot? But the crap game, and Porgy's strangling hands, and the lust loose on an island, and the terror of storm, and the alternate appeal to Jesus and voodoo—these are Negro-born. So also is the humble, stricken sense of death, and from that rock-bottom emotion (to which science has anesthetized us others) are born the spirituals.

Broadway knows little of this. It thinks a spiritual is picked out like a Mammy Song in the cotton fields under the southern m-o-o-n. It does not know that a race suffered them into being. The Guild has done much to keep the minstrel black-face and cabaret note out of Porgy, but the Guild cannot remold the conventions in the minds of the audience. They are amused, even stirred, but they remain white and superior. They may laugh, sometimes pity—but can they understand?

LEON WHIPPLE

Much Ado About Speakeasies

NEW YORK NIGHTS, *by Stephen Graham. Illustrations by Kurt Wiese. Doran. 288 pp. $4.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

AMERICANS may be credited with inventing slumming. We are probably still the leading slummers, though the styles change each decade. We led when slumming was tinged with philanthropy and we lead now when

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By One Who Was Greatly Moved

Mary Kingsbury Simkhovich

I WENT to Greece to get a glimpse of the Near East Relief, to see the children who were born in the midst of fiery horrors. The great tragedy of Smyrna, when men were slaughtered and women died from starvation, was hardest of all upon the orphaned children who, without country or parents, have as their background and nurture only America. By the "greatest trek in history" they were brought to safety by America.

For the Near East Relief is America,—salvation and hope for the children.

Till now the Near East Relief has meant relief and salvation. Seeing Admiral Bristol's ship and sailors, the great crowd felt they had reached home at last. One child asked, "And where is God?" The first great task was safety, shelter and food. That stupendous task was finished. Or rather, it has gone into the second stage of settling down.

Children old enough to be placed out are being found homes with relatives or fellow-villagers. They like the land, and many of them are placed in agricultural families. This "placement," that comes so smugly from our accustomed lips, is a weary task not yet adequately provided for. How difficult to know how the children will fare! But of course native assistance, generally developed in the Near East Relief organization, is relied upon, as it must be, to secure effective assurance that the plan works.

Among the boys quartered in Athens, English lessons are eagerly sought. Clubs are developed. "Thurber's Boys" are known throughout the city, for the director in Athens is far more than an administrator. He likes boys. This personal zest for people rather than for organization I saw often beautifully instanced in my brief stay. Without it how empty America's help to these children would be!

The children love their lessons, their trade training, their gardens. Every activity has its direct use and meaning.

As the majority of the children are Eastern Orthodox in faith, they attend the church of their fathers, and Greek priests come to the orphanage for suitable ceremonies. Armenian children are ministered to by the Armenian church. This recognition that the work of the Near East Relief is a service rendered to fellow Christians of another loyalty is a very important point. It is another element in that new corner the Near East has turned,—the shift from proselytizing to fraternal understanding.

NEAR EAST RELIEF, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Enclosed is my check for $..... to further the work of child welfare and international amity in the Near East.

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HAVELOCK ELLIS

writes of

Marriage Today and Tomorrow

"IN the January FORUM, Havelock Ellis, most eminent of authorities on the psychology of sex, tells how he would humanize a basic institution. His article will be regarded by some, inevitably, as revolutionary, but by all as creative of a broader and more sympathetic conception of the "holy state."

Other Articles of Note

DOES ADVERTISING PAY THE PUBLIC—*A Debate*
Stuart Chase *vs.* Roy S. Durstine

WISER DAUGHTERS
Warwick Deeping

THE CITIZENSHIP OF THE POPE
Gino Speranza

THE CHILD JESUS OF PRAGUE
Paul Claudel

DO WE NEED REGIONAL GOVERNMENT?
William Bennett Munro

THE MODERN CURRENT IN AMERICAN LITERATURE
Paul Elmer More

ARE HEROES HEROES?
Fitzhugh Green

THE AMERICAN CREDO
Agnes Repplier

DISRAELI—PART IV
André Maurois

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slumming leads to red lights and white lights, jazz and abandon. Slumming has in a generation run the gamut from shocks to thrills. Mr. Graham writes of slumming for thrills to which he seems to be an addict.

If night life in New York is altogether a pursuit of hooch and women this is probably a good report. It is a story about night clubs and drink parlors. The author takes us from one to another with blasé familiarity as though he had a job announcing the sights for a sightseeing tour. He portrays New York by night as a fountain of firewater and he discourses at length on the relative merits of goods sold by different bootleggers. I would not consider Graham a dispassionate reporter and I feel that he hurts his book by stooping now and then to smartness. Many beauty parlors he finds to be hooch shoppes, so he says that the customer "goes for a wave and gets a splash." After going out to a speakeasy he gets nervous and calls up his friend to see if he (or she) is still alive. This is "an example of the risks of speakeasy life—speak easy and die badly." Then he drinks to "more-ality, more and more of it." But perhaps all this is fitting a description of night life illusory escape from the strain of urban living. In it "the go-get-it spirit has gone, and the let-it-go spirit has taken its place. Time has ceased to be money. Money has ceased to be the great desirable."

There are a number of redeeming chapters. Texas Guinan is exquisitely done. The Bowery, published previously in Harpers, is convincing. The illustrations by Wiese are delightful. Graham calls Broadway mother of them but he failed to follow the thought out with a chapter on Broadway, the nation's fun-market, setting the amusement pace for all the country. There is room for such a study of Broadway at night but it needs to be more thoughtfully done. It isn't doing justice to such a subject to trip over the surface with impressionistic wise-cracking.

NELS ANDERSON

Whittier House, Jersey City

THE BLUNDERBUSS OF SICKNESS
(*Continued from page* 438)

fairly well in terms of average needs and average expenditures in families of given size, and these average figures help practically in planning the budget of an individual family. But the unevenness of sickness makes the use of average figures more dangerous than useful. The solution of the financial problem of food supply is mostly a matter of income, but the solution of the financial problem of sickness is mostly a question of the distribution of the burden. We are separating sharply the financial burden of sickness from the many problems connected with the furnishing of medical service, and are confining our attention, for the moment, solely to the financial side. Every banker who runs a Christmas Club knows that the traditional virtue of thrift is to be cultivated not by watering it with moral words but by creating opportunities for systematic savings against a known future need. Every banker will agree without argument, that in no other way will families make regular, effective and certain provision against an irregular, uneven and uncertain event, such as sickness is.

Our knowledge of the hits of the blunderbuss and of the

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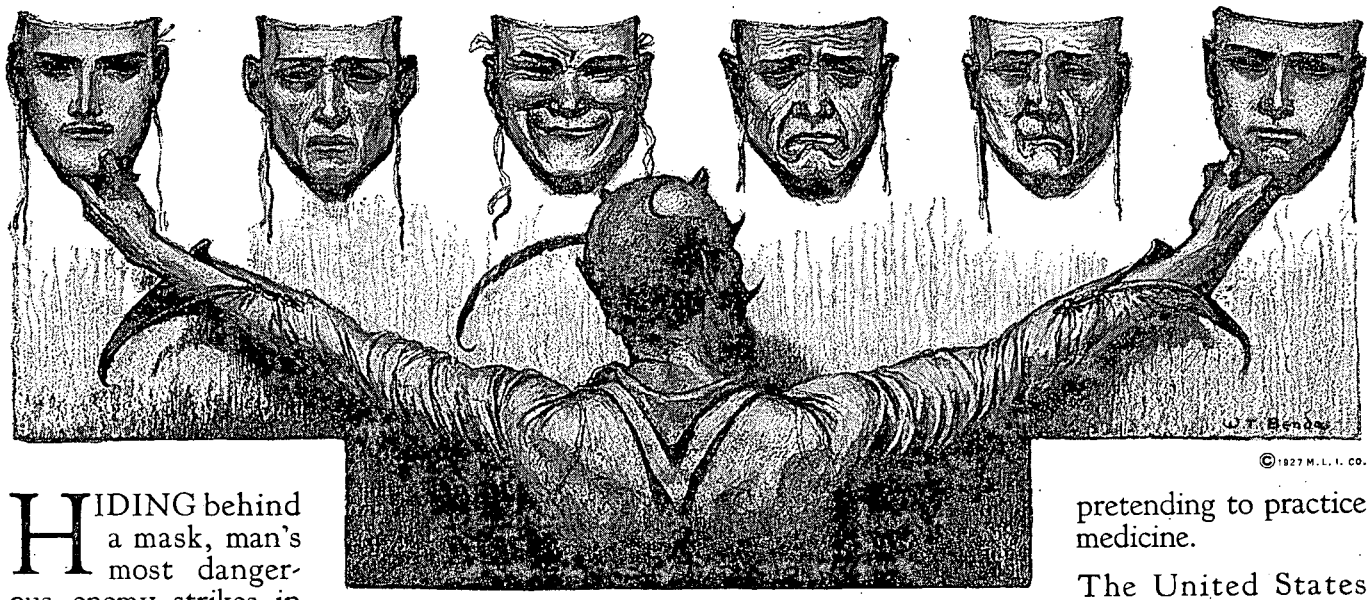

©1927 M. L. I. CO.

HIDING behind a mask, man's most dangerous enemy strikes in the dark and adds two out of every thirteen deaths to his score.

The Great Imitator

Just so long as men and women, and boys and girls approaching maturity, are not taught to recognize the cruelest of all foes to health and happiness—just so long will many lives be utterly wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant poison is steadily and surely robbing them of health and strength.

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses, it may mask as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a form of eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble. There is practically no organic disease the symptoms of which it does not simulate. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

It is the imperative duty of each man desirous of protecting his own health—and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children—to know its direct and indirect results.

Syphilis is responsible for more misery of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its ulcers leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood vessels, abdominal organs—and most tragic of all are its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis and insanity—a life-long tragedy.

Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly imposed upon and hoodwinked by quacks, charlatans and worse—insidious blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor. After the disease has been allowed to progress beyond the first stages, cures are less certain, but a great deal can often be done to help chronic sufferers.

Men and women should learn the truth and tell it in plain language to those dependent upon them for education and guidance. It is a helpful sign that the best educators deplore the old habit of secrecy and urge wide-spread knowledge and frank instruction.

It is estimated that more than 12,000,000 persons in the United States have or at some time have had syphilis.

From 5% to 40% of all the cases in the general hospitals of this country are found to be suffering—directly or indirectly—from this disease. The variance in the figures depends upon the character and location of the hospital.

According to Government statistics, the deaths of 200,000 Americans, each year, are directly caused by syphilis and associated diseases. But thousands of deaths charged to other causes are actually due to this disease.

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weight and distribution of the financial burden is based only upon samples of a few thousand families among our population of many millions. Let us welcome the further and more comprehensive studies which it is hoped will be made or promoted by the newly formed national Committee on the Cost of Medical Care. From the already available facts, conclusions may indeed be legitimately drawn which indicate directions in which practical steps should be taken. But certainly studies of the rates and costs of the various types of sickness are needed to establish the expense and other details of remedial measures.

Of this much we may be sure, that no method will be found even for dealing with the financial burden—much less for the more complex problems of the professional service—if the effects of sickness are measured merely by the hits of the blunderbuss or by the dollars required to keep up the repair shops. The impersonal data of sickness and of income and expenditure, must be seen as they interplay with the standards and aspirations of the medical profession, and with the contemporary standards of living, those intangible yet dominating compulsions which overlie the people's choices of modes of doctoring and all the habits and customs of family expenditure. The engineers who are to find a way out of our predicament must guide their path by the sign of the caduceus as well as of the dollar, and must breathe an atmosphere charged with human motives as well as arithmetic. Surveys and statistics will help to chart the highway, but the roadbed must be built of sweat and dreams.

SELECTIVE PATRIOTISM
(*Continued from page 442*)

might be obliged to be a selective patriot. I had genuinely come to believe that in Jefferson, if not always in his followers, were to be discovered the profoundest of American political doctrines, reaching down through institutions, which may be temporary, to the people themselves, who are, as human history goes, perennial. And in him also, I was convinced, the American political temper was most patient, not feverishly seizing upon this or that comfortable institution and trying to fix it once and for all in the very substance of life, but having the courage to leave issues open whenever to do that seemed a possible advantage to liberty in the long run. If this did not include all that was best in American political doctrines, at any rate it included enough to satisfy me, and I was willing to defend it against rival schemes of thought which might aim to put it down.

I was, I started to conclude, of the party of patience. But to be perfectly honest, I had to acknowledge that patience is a virtue only when it is justified. Perhaps the pattern of American life was complete, and the books no longer needed to be kept open. It was conceivable that the nation had in it no inherent capacity to become anything but another industrial Carthage, another imperial Rome, and so would waste its energies if it kept on hankering for Greek diversity or French logic or English individuality. No one, of course, could be sure that the line of hope had not run out. I, certainly, was not sure. But somehow I could not feel dismayed. I thought of all the resonant voices which had been lifted in behalf of liberty during the past two or three decades. I thought of the precious discontent stirring in the minds of millions of persons at the prospect of a civilization in which machines should call the dance of life—machines, that is, devised not to liberate but to enslave. I thought of the fortunate, if accidental, bulk of the nation's

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territory and of the mountainous resources still to be employed to some kind of human end. I thought of all the strength, not yet finally confederated, of the nation, and it had to me the look of splendor.

But, I asked myself in a final scrutiny of this mood, was I not intoxicated with the quantity of America and negligent of its quality? That was, indeed, a way of stating the matter. It was not, however, a way which disturbed me, because I could not believe that any analyst of American civilization yet knew what the true and fated quality of America is. The Fundamentalists thought they knew, but so had Increase and Cotton Mather, who were now with the dodo and the mastodon. The enthusiasts for Americanism thought they knew, but so had the Know Nothings, who were now in some other alcove of limbo. History thus confirmed my hope that the odds in the United States were not altogether against the open-minded. There was, moreover, a solid argument which was neither mere memory nor mere faith. A nation which had quantity enough, my argument ran, had quality. The quality bred by bulk might, of course, be a drowsy inertness; but it might also be a generous energy, as it unmistakably was in America. Let the nation require intelligent direction as much as it might, it at least had the original power without which the most intelligent direction can do nothing. Having power for its quality, the United States could still safely refuse to gather its past about it as in a museum, could still refuse to sit down in evening slippers, could still, instead, be busy and audacious in the daylight. In the midst of such a stir I liked to live, and I preferred it as I preferred waking to sleeping anywhere. It was possible, I saw, to be moved by the quantity of American life without being negligent of its quality, because only an abstract line divided them. The one determined the other.

I came back to the motion picture which had started me off on this sequence of meditations. It had, heightening my consciousness of fellowship with other Americans, sent me nearly around a circle, so that, thrilled by the country's strength, I stood about where the general patriots stood. Nevertheless, there was a difference. I perceived that the general patriot, so stimulated, settles too deeply into the national past, believes the battle over, and dutifully swallows the present. The selective patriot, no less stimulated, holds that the past has been but one chapter in a conflict which is by no means ended, sharply studies the present, and keeps betting on the future. I was more than ever for selection. I was for justice, not for lynching in any of its forms. I was for diversity, not for uniformity. I was for men rather than for money. I was for peace and against war. And if I wanted to select, so must other men, who would doubtless make other choices. There would still be parties and contentions. That suited me. As soon as all Americans agreed, decay would set in. It was worth fighting for to keep disagreement still alive. The parties to it should, I concluded, tolerate each other as much as they could, but they need not sloppily compromise. Time would do the compromising, when it got ready.

The picture had made my pulses thump. The caption had stirred me to positive affirmation. I looked at my daughters, skirmishing ahead of me on the way home from the theater. I was glad that we were not inside that desperate stockade, and I was grateful to those earlier Americans who had there so borne themselves that such a stockade was no longer a possibility. But we were, I saw, in another

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stockade which no earlier heroism could have prevented—the stockade which is forever besieged, in America and everywhere, by stupidities and superstitions and tyrannics. It would never do to surrender to them so long as it was remotely thinkable to hold out. Surrender would be, even if it were nothing else, a shameful ingratitude.

"SILENCE COERCED BY LAW"

(*Continued from page* 454)

policemen who were present at his arrest, the superintendent of police. It was sought to prove that he was party to a conspiracy to provoke disorder, and had assaulted the officers who arrested him, that the crowd was disorderly and that he incited them to resistance. More specifically, that this had been planned at the Defense Committee headquarters, or connived on the spot; that the young Italian was with him before he spoke, and made up two of the legal quota of three needed to prove a riot; and more especially that Hapgood called out to the crowd, "Don't let them take me."

That phrase became almost a chant, as one after another of the police officers repeated it on the witness stand. It was, of course, crucial to the official case. It was noticeable that the prosecution failed to call one of the two arresting officers; Mr. Hays put him on the stand, and while he repeated the familiar phrase, he denied the allegation of the sergeant who had Hapgood's other arm, that Hapgood had resisted arrest or struck them. It was noticeable also that the prosecution failed to call any of the newspaper reporters who were in the ring about Hapgood to sustain the contentions of the police. And warrant-servers for the defense failed to locate reporters; the surmise being that these did not want to queer their friendly relations at headquarters by contrary testimony. There was one exception—Birtwell of the Globe, a young Harvard graduate who volunteered a straight-forward story of what he saw and heard.

Those who testified for the defense were in themselves an interesting cast of humans. There were the character witnesses: a Harvard professor of the classics of pronounced conservatism whom the prosecutor made the mistake of quizzing; Hutchins Hapgood, the journalist, "his uncle and proud of him"; and a Boston investment broker, a classmate. There was Dr. Edith B. Jackson, a Johns Hopkins graduate, who had brought him to the park in her car; Dr. Manfred Guttenmacher of the Psychopathic Hospital, before whom Hapgood had been brought for examination as to his sanity the week following. He had been at the Common that Sunday to study mob psychology—an admission which the prosecutor sought to make much of until he was enlightened that church gatherings were also subject to scientific scrutiny in that regard. There was Creighton J. Hill, a writer on economic subjects, and Michael Flaherty, an official of the Painters' Union, an Aran Islander whose brogue restored somewhat the balance of Irish in the scales of justice and whose wit was as discomfiting to the official contentions as his facts. "Why is it," a Harvard graduate of the nineties, with a broad Celtic name, had wired Superintendent Crowley from Washington the Sunday under discussion, "that when liberty is to be suppressed an Irishman is so often the agent of the suppression," adding his best compliments to Miss Mary Donovan.

These witnesses testified that they had neither seen nor known of the young Italian before his arrest; the crowd was quiet and peaceable until the police cut Hapgood short; and could not be called disorderly thereafter. Hapgood neither incited to violence nor resorted to it. Although between them they were in position to hear everything Hapgood had said from the time he began speaking until he was put in the patrol wagon, they were a unit in declaring that he had not called to the crowd to release him; had not said, "Don't let them take me."

To the credit of the court, of the assistant prosecuting attorney in charge of the case, of the police superintendent and his men, there was no attempt to exploit the prejudices aroused by the Sacco and Vanzetti case and to confuse the issue in this present trial with inflamed feelings. Rather, the assistant prosecuting attorney, in his argument made a moving plea to

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the jury to sustain the police department and its chief on whom they depended for safety in their homes and order in their city. He visited his wrath on those who had broken step with the police contentions—denounced his fellow Irishman as a coward, the unregimented reporter as a "deceiver" and broadly hinted that "Writer Kellogg" had connected rapidly with the treasurer of the Defense Committee.

In his argument, Mr. Hays called in imagination to the witness stand men who could not thus summarily be disposed of. Powers Hapgood, when he was waiting for the patrol wagon, had his back against the bronze tablet marking the spot where the British forces had been encamped that seventeenth of April in '75 when they set out to squelch the Minute Men of Lexington and Concord. The jury were asked to make the rounds of the monuments and read the inscriptions—the tablets that bore the names of Paul Revere and of John Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration; the memorial to Lafayette who, in Webster's words, had carried the spark of liberty from the new world to the old; the monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who was hissed on Beacon Hill near the place where St. Gaudens shows him today leading his black regiment. And he asked Hapgood to stand up while he quoted the wording on the placque of the Commonwealth Avenue statue to William Lloyd Garrison:

> I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse.
> I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard.

There was a bit of grandstand to it; but—were they after all so remote, these men who stood for freedom when it was hard to stand for? They were bronze and stone. Hapgood was there in the flesh. He had broken a park rule in the name of shattered liberties.

And the outcome of the trial:

Guilty for Hapgood on the charge of speaking without a permit—a small fine; disagreement on the more serious charges of assault and rioting, for which prison sentences hung over the two defendants.

In the same court, immediately afterward before another jury Powers Hapgood again, Professor Ellen Hayes, John dos Passos, John Howard Lawson and others were found not guilty of "sauntering and loitering," when they picketed the State House before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Their defense was that they had serious business there in carrying their placards of protest.

THERE are those who believe Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty or for whom the report of the governor's commission was conclusive and final. There are those who believe them innocent, or that innocent or guilty they were not given a trial consonant with American ideas of justice. (The Judicial Council of Massachusetts in December recommended a change which would have remedied the most glaring fault in the procedure in which they were enmeshed.) There are those to whom with the heat and passion and fear the case had become little short of a man hunt. But we must not forget that whether the prosecution was on the wrong scent or not, and regardless of procedure, the whole force of the government and public opinion was being exerted to put a stop to murders like those at South Braintree; to protect the sacredness of human life.

But to protect the sacredness of human liberty—whose business was that? What forces in government and public opinion in Massachusetts had identified themselves with the conservation of the Bill of Rights in our American constitution?

—Not the presiding judge. His offering was merely to quote the legend above the Worcester Courthouse that obedience to law is the first safeguard of liberty.

—Not the prosecuting attorney's office. Its business seems to have been to have taken over a half-baked charge from the Police Department, lodged as an after-thought and presumably on orders from some one higher up, to put Hapgood out of the way last August and silence a young voice. (Later that week they had clapped him into the Psychopathic Hospital.)

—Not the police chief. It is to be hoped that never since Samuel Adams flouted the royal governor of the King's Colony had Boston denied citizens (as Chief Crowley denied them last August) the right to criticize public officials on its Common. Moreover, he testified that when in the crowd he heard a

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booming voice cry out "Kill him," meaning Hapgood, it had not even occurred to him to try to have that man arrested.

—Not the police themselves; their job as they saw it was not to preserve liberty but to preserve order; and one after another on the stand was compelled essentially to concede that the crowd was not disorderly or in carrying out that job they would have made more than the two arrests. Their psychology was revealed by the public officer who admitted, not intentionally but under Mr. Hays' sharp questioning, that cheering for an unpopular subject which did not have the approval of the police constituted disorderly conduct to his mind.

—Not the press. The May's Landing murder trial in New Jersey swamped the front pages of the Boston newspapers while the case of Liberty vs. Our Times was on the docket of the Superior Court of Suffolk County.

—Not representative and leading elements in the citizenship of Boston (regardless of their views on the Sacco-Vanzetti case), who recognized that here was something forward that reached to those most cherished institutions which Judge Brandeis evaluated so luminously last May; something which by a turn of the wheel of fortune might come to concern them nearly in their own lives. They were not there in court.

—But only a handful of people who cared. And a young Harvard graduate who risked being pinched for his principles. And a split jury. And Art Hays.

WHAT does it all mean? I cannot do better than quote from the concluding paragraphs of Leon Whipple's thin little book on Our Ancient Liberties, which has just come from the H. W. Wilson press and which re-examines the body and content of the Bill of Rights as they stood in 1791—as Boston knew them in the time of the Adamses; an old Boston which remembered perhaps that Benjamin Franklin's brother had been jailed there for insinuating that the government of the colony was tolerating piracy:

The law's delays may be endured on questions of property or civil matters but they are fatal to liberty, which must be instant and untrammelled. The court has countenanced all the delays of procedure, urged men to wait and see, played it safe, and even at times been powerless in the face of governmental or public pressure. . . . Ultimate vindication is of little comfort to the man who is gagged or jailed while his publication is suppressed, his strike broken, or his propaganda ruined. Even the briefest arrest breaks up his plans and brings public disgrace. Moreover, fear is a great deterrent, and a single arrest, however illegal, may cause a thousand other supporters of a movement to keep silent. Nor have these vindications by the courts after a crisis, proved of much aid in the next crisis. We do not seem to make much advance but to need to fight the whole issue out in each successive emergency. . . .

Since our liberties are not in practice enforced by a spirit of liberty in the people, or by any appeal to natural rights, or by the courts, or by the police, upon what does liberty depend? In times of strife upon power; in times of quiet upon indifference. There are exceptions, but in the main it is true that they who have power have liberty. This power may be political, controlling the government and courts; it may be the coercion of public opinion expressed through laws and through mobs; it may be the economic power that owns political parties and creates public opinion. . . .

Though we find the notion of a guaranteed liberty meaningless, this does not leave "our ancient liberties" valueless. But they have worth as symbols, not as inviolable rules. They define the scope of liberty. They recall that our forefathers so prized these few simple rights that they imbedded them in their fundamental law. Yet these rights have never lived save as men by their struggles breathed life into them. They have nevertheless for generation after generation set a standard of what freedoms were worth living for—and worth dying for—and they still inspire us to love and defend our own liberty.

Liberty cannot be inherited. It must be won and won fresh for each issue in every generation. Our fathers' liberties are little help to us. The old spirit may free us, but never the old words. If we love liberty and fight for it, these guarantees are full of meaning. But if we indolently imagine that liberty descends on us from above, these phrases are vain and deceptive slogans. We have no ancient liberties, only our own! The written words are but memoranda to keep our liberties in our minds. The defenders of liberty prove generally to have been bitter partisans crying the guarantees as war-cries in the heat of battle. The principle of natural rights has authority only as a reminder that the soul of the individual man has in it something of worth, not

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created by his society. The courts turn out to be not the omniscient interpreters of impartial justice but rather the stimulators of new rebellions. That public opinion from which the judge draws his sanctions and to which we have been told to look for the preservation of our ancient liberty too often reveals itself as but the voice of a herd whose will it is to crucify, then sanctify, its saviors.

Yet, if with such frail liberties we have come thus far; if so many men have died for their ideas, and these ideas somehow come true, shall we not cherish what liberties we have and learn to make them greater?

A MISSION OF LOVE AND LITERACY

(*Continued from page* 451)

corn and cotton roots, going with them into the fields so that they might trace the differences in root systems in the soil as well as on the painted blackboards. Corn roots and cotton roots became interesting where only cube roots had held sway for over forty years. As I faced the boys one especially stormy morning, the plan unfolded itself and I saw the ultimate use of the schoolhouse which had fairly become a danger and was no longer really necessary.

Carpentry had already been introduced. These very boys could take down the old house and use the best of the boards for a new home for Aunt Jane. How could it be better used? There lay the social content of the plan for Penn School. And in her own way Miss Murray was delighted with the plan too. There in a nutshell, or, if you will, in the shell of a school, was the epitome of the school revolution we were embarked upon.

These boys liked their new tools. Hitherto they had always spent their school hours at desks, using only books for tools till echoes of industrial education reached the Island from Hampton Institute. The boys, who had discovered new facts about the corn and the cotton, those familiar companions of their daily life, sang as they worked on their new problem—the problem of taking down the old school and, from the pieces, constructing a new two-roomed house for Aunt Jane.

The fact that her "ractified" dwelling did collapse two days after Aunt Jane had moved into their new house, gave these new social workers great satisfaction. And no less Aunt Jane herself. That morning saw her down at the school. "I t'aw't I wuz goin' to dead. But de Lord, he put me in dat house dis day. All dem young boys dey say, 'Aunt Jane, I help on yo' house,' an' dem chillun hab good mannus. I neber know one of dem gib me no back answer yit. I wuz mo' dan glad. I wuz glad till I could be glad no mo'. My time ain't come yit yo' see! Quick as dey tek me out ob dat ole house, hit fall! God is a feelin' God! He feels! He wuz jis waitin' to git help! I'se so tanksful," she sighed, "I'se so tanksful I cyan' spress maself. But I tell de Lord."

When her little house was "christened," an island custom which means a service of blessing the new home, Aunt Jane had a pumpkin ready for us to carry home, a fit gift to express her thanksgiving, golden fruit from her own field.

It was significant that the historic schoolhouse should end in a home for one of the old people. The founders had built their work on the homes of the people, and largely through their efforts had the people learned the value of land deeds. Their successors had come with the hope of connecting those homes and farms so closely with the school that those deeds might remain in the hands of the people.

Back of the changes in educational methods we had gone to the island to introduce, lay a great economic fact. Here were hundreds of acres. Here were hundreds of homes. The acres and the homes were theirs, to have and to hold if they could keep abreast of the times, if they could learn to dig the gold in their own farms. And here were hundreds of children getting book-learning but not getting their roots down into the soil, the very basis of life.

Here was our challenge! Would it be possible to make radical changes so that a whole rural community could wake up to see that the responsibility of holding what their grandfathers and grandmothers had handed down to them rested on their own shoulders? Would it be possible to develop a rural life rich enough to hold the generation that had not won the acres by their own labor? It was a stirring challenge and in my next article I shall tell how we have tried to meet it.

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